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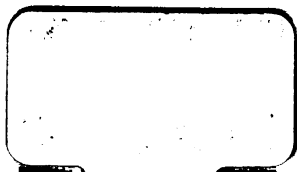
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**FROM THE FUND OF
HARRIET J. G. DENNY
OF BOSTON**



THE
CAMBRIAN WREATH;

A SELECTION OF

English Poems on Welsh Subjects,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED FROM THE
CAMBRO-BRITISH,

HISTORIC AND LEGENDARY,

INCLUDING

WELSH MELODIES :

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS OF CELEBRITY, LIVING AND DEPARTED.

Edited and Illustrated by
T. J. LLEWELYN PRICHARD.

Wild Cambria—land of romance!
The wizard's wand, the warrior's lance,
The minstrel's harp, the druid's oak,
The broken gyve, the shatter'd yoke,
The murder'd bard, the hero slain,
To her, to her, well appertain!
And interest holds sweet command,
O'er Cymru's gen'rous Mountain Land.

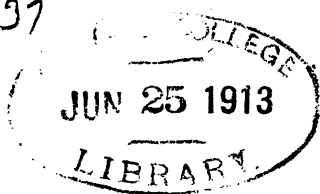
ABERYSTWYTH :

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, BY JOHN COX.

1828.

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Denny fund

PREFACE.

It has long been the Editor's anxious wish to see a poetical miscellany formed of the effusions of the Cambrian Muse, in English, and exclusively dedicated to the service of the Principality—a pocket volume embracing subjects alike interesting to the visitors of Wales, and the dwellers on its soil, who feel a lively delight in the scenic charms of the most picturesque part of the British dominions, or curiosity to pause on the very theatre where mighty events were enacted in the days of yore—and finding no such work forthcoming, he has ventured to step forth, and, with the CAMBRIAN WREATH, to supply the deficiency.

Our Cambrian Chaplet, thus wreathed round the brows of our nation's Genius, is formed of the wildest variety of floral components, and exhibits the contrasting hues of the vale and mountain blossoms, the spontaneous gems of the wilderness, and the cultivated beauties of the gay parterre—flowers culled from the graves of ancient bards and heroes, or torn from the solitude of ruined battlements, and those trained to beauty by the living hands of existing taste, and placed by them in the bow-pots of the modern Drawing Room. In short, the work will be found to consist of very antique, and very modern, matter—translations from the Welsh Bards, historic and legendary poems and ballads, with many exquisite lyrics, under the head of Welsh Melodies, that tend to perpetuate and celebrate our native minstrelsy, by some of the most popular authors of the day.

So confident is the Editor of the success of his undertaking that his principal fear on the subject is, for his liability to censure for placing so narrow a limit to the Work. In answer to this supposed objection he has to observe, the Cambrian Wreath is an experiment on the public taste; and if a successful one, the numerous and very excellent poems and translations which, in accordance to his plan, he has laid aside for the present, and separated from this little work, shall appear in a similar pocket volume, so far differing however, that it will embrace subjects connected with every county, and almost every neighbourhood and celebrated place in Wales, under the title of the Cambrian Garland.

A few words more on the Cambrian Wreath—which will apply equally to the Cambrian Garland, should it ever make its appearance.

The voluminous and very expensive Works from which many of these poems have been extracted, placed them, like forbidden fruit, guarded—not by an Angel of light, but the Dragon of Exaction, the harpy of Extortion, far and secure from the reach of many possessing sufficient taste to appreciate their worth—an evil that hangs like golden fetters on the encumbered limbs of marching Intellect—(this is not saying too much for expensive books!)—which evil is thus in a slight degree removed, and to be still lessened, according to the view which the public may take of this well-meant attempt, that time and a favorable result may render more worthy of their patronage.

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**POEMS, HISTORIC AND
LEGENDARY.**



THE CAMBRIAN WREATH:

Poems, Historical, Legendary, and Humorous.

ANCIENT BARDS AND DRUIDS.

From Lucan's Pharsalia.

MARCUS ANNÆUS LUCAN was of an Equestrian family of Rome, and born at Corduba in Spain about A. D. 39. in the reign of the emperor Caligula. Lucan wrote several poems, but the *Pharsalia* is the only one that now remains. He suffered death in the 27th year of his age, and the tenth of the emperor Nero. The *Pharsalia* was translated from the original Latin into English verse by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, who died in 1718, just as he had completed his version.

YE Bards whom sacred raptures fire
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;
Who consecrate in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.

The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old mysteries, and barb'rous rites restore;
A tribe who singular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.

To these, and these of all mankind alone,
 The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown.
 If dying mortals' dooms they sing aright,
 No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night;
 No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
 Nor seek the dreary silent shades below;
 But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
 And other bodies in new worlds they find.
 Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
 And like a line, death but divides the space,
 A stop which can but for a moment last,
 A point between the future and the past.
 Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death despise;
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel:
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
 To spare that life which must so soon return.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS.

An Ode, in the manner of Taliesin.

BY EDWARD WILLIAMS, (Iolo Morganwg.)

THE following abbreviated account of the doctrine of the METEM-
 PSYCHOSIS, which forms the *machinery* of this poem, is from the
 author's own introduction to it. "All animated beings originate
 in the lowest point of existence, whence, by a regular gradation,
 they rise higher and higher in the scale of existence, till they arrive
 at the highest state of happiness and perfection that is possible for
 finite beings. Beings, as their souls, by passing from ferocious to
 more gentle and harmless animals, approach the state of humanity.
 become ameliorated in their dispositions, less influenced by evil, and

attain to some degree of negative goodness. Arrived at the state of humanity, MAN becomes accountable for his actions. Attaching himself to evil, he falls, in death, into such an animal state of existence as corresponds with the turpitude of his soul, which may be so great as to cast him down into the lowest point of existence, whence he shall again return through such a succession of animal existences as are most proper to divest him of his evil propensities. After traversing such a course, he will again rise to the state of humanity; whence, according to contingencies, he may rise or fall. Yet, should he fall, he shall again rise; and should this happen for millions of ages, the path to happiness is still open to him, and will so remain to all eternity; for, sooner or later, he will infallibly arrive at his destined station of happiness, from which, when attained, he will never fall. The ultimate states of happiness are eternally undergoing the most delightful renovations, in endless succession. These renovations will not, like the deaths of the lower states of existence, occasion a suspension of memory, and consciousness of self identity."

I.

I saw yon orb, yon source of light,
 Give to this world its newborn ray,
 When first arose, in fulgence bright,
 The glories of primeval day;
 The Muse then own'd me with a smile,
 Proclaim'd me Bard of Britain's isle;
 I join'd her chorus, that around
 Bade Heaven's eternal dome resound:
 Warm through my soul her thrilling transport ran,
 From Fate releas'd, no more to creep
 A grov'ling worm, or, in the deep,
 To dread the billows' angry swell,
 Or wing the skies, or through the desert yell;
 Of LIBERTY possess'd, I felt myself a MAN.

II.

How fair was Nature's early morn!
 How sweetly bloom'd her vernal day!
 I then, on Fancy's pinion borne,
 Traced laughing Pleasure's devious way:

Lured by thy glare, insidious Pride,
 From Reason's paths I wander'd wide;
 Truth, from supernal realms above,
 Call'd, unbey'd, in lays of love;
 Power's hell-born wish had now my soul possess'd :
 Whilst fearless of an anger'd God,
 I brandish'd high the tyrant's rod,
 Gave War's fierce hand my whetted steel,
 What millions bled beneath my trampling heel !
 Drench'd was each thought in hell, that fill'd my venom'd
 breast.

III.

How felt this world my slaughtering hand !
 How stream'd the blood from pole to pole !
 It call'd on heaven ! whose high command
 Spurn'd from its light my reptile soul,
 To crawl a Serpent, and to roar
 A Tiger on the Libyan shore !
 I felt the scourge of wrath profound,
 When raving in the madden'd Hound,
 For painful memory was living still ;
 Oh racking conscience ! 'twas thy sting !
 'Twas known to thee, when erst a king,
 How far beyond what tongue can tell,
 I fuell'd high the flames of hell ;
 And, on a Rebel's throne, scoff'd at the Almighty's will.

IV.

Yet, pitied still by LOVE DIVINE,
 Thro' slow gradations up I came,
 Endued with passions more benign,
 I cropp'd the meads a Lambkin tame ;
 Then penitent, in yonder vale,
 I mourn'd a timid Nightingale ;
 The talon'd Hawk assail'd my bower,
 He now possess'd my *regal power* ;

Who can thy depth, Eternal Mercy ! scan ?
 From death on wings of rapture borne,
 I soar'd a Lark, and hymn'd the morn ;
 The sportsman heard my joyful sound ;
 His brutal shaft soon brought me to the ground ;
 To nobler life restored, I breathed once more a MAN.

V.

Where still the bardic song remains,
 I strove to combat baneful strife
 A Druid, on Silurian plains,
 I walk'd the thorny roads of life ;
 How often there had Envy's dart
 Pierced, sorely pierced, my slander'd heart !
 And wanton Cruelty was there,
 She struck me with her poison'd spear ;
 Snarl'd fierce her dogs at Spite's infernal door :
 Yet, arm'd with suff'ring fortitude,
 I dauntless bore their onset rude,
 And, penitent, for ancient pride,
 I life resign'd, a willing victim died ;
 Eternal Justice claim'd, and I could give no more.

VI.

Revived in yon supernal clime,
 The joys of triumph tuned my song ;
 And Britain's Bard, with ode sublime,
 I join'd the bright angelic throng ;
 Loved Britain, then thy Bardic laws
 We framed, whilst Heaven with loud applause
 Approved the code, confirm'd for thee,
 What breathed the soul of Liberty,
 Warm virtue's ardors and seraphic peace,
 Songs of celestial realms ! their glories never cease.

* * * * *

THE DRUID'S GROVE.

From Lucan's Pharsalia, translated by Rowe.

Not far away, for ages past had stood
 An old unviolated sacred wood,
 Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
 A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade;
 There, nor the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport,
 Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort,
 But barb'rous priests some dreadful Pow'r adore,
 And lustrate ev'ry tree with human gore.
 If mysteries in times of old received,
 And pious ancientry be yet believed,
 There, nor the feather'd songster builds his nest,
 Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast;
 There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,
 E'en lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.

No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
 But shiv'ring horror in the branches heaves,
 Black springs, with pitchy streams, divide the ground,
 And bubbling, tumble with a sullen sound.
 Old images, of forms mis-shapen, stand
 Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand,
 With hoary filth begrimed, each ghastly head
 Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.—
 No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
 Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd:
 But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
 And still the less they know, they fear the more.

Oft, as fame tells, the earth in sounds of woe
 Is heard to groan from hollow depths below,
 The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen
 To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green;

With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.

The pious worshippers approach not near,
But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear:
The priest himself, when or the day or night
Rolling, have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths, with weary feet,
Dreading the demon of the grove to meet,
Who, terrible to sight, at that fix'd hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary bower.

THE DRUIDIC TEMPLE.

From Mason's Caractacus.

Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base;—
These cliffs—these yawning caverns—this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone.—They awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd thro' his drear domain.
Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
Controuling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them, yet they awe me:
Explain this scene of horror.

ELIDURUS.

Daring Roman,
Know that thou stand'st on consecrated ground:

These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,
 Thus rang'd in mystic order, mark the place
 Where but at times of holiest festival
 The Druid leads his train.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Where dwells the seer ?

VELLINUS.

In yonder shaggy cave; on which the moon
 Now sheds a side-long glance. His brotherhood
 Possess the neighbouring cliffs.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Yet up the hill

Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,
 Delv'd in the ridges of the craggy steep :
 And this way, still another.

ELIDURUS.

On the left

Reside the sages skill'd in nature's lore :
 The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,
 Studios they measure, save when meditation
 Gives place to holy rites : then in the grove
 Each hath his rank and function. Yonder grotts
 Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly thence,
 Robed in their flowing vests of soillless white,
 Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,
 Hymning immortal strains. The spirits of air,
 Of earth, of water, nay of heaven itself,
 Do listen to their lays; and oft 'tis said,
 In visible shapes dance they a magic round,
 To the high minstrelsy.

Now, if thine eye
 Be sated with the view, haste to thy ships,
 And ply thine oars; for if the Druids learn

his bold intrusion, thou wilt find it hard
to foil their fury.

AULUS DIDIVS.

Prince, I did not moor
my light-arm'd shallops on this dang'rous strand
to sooth a fruitless curiosity:
come in quest of proud CARACTACUS;
ho, when our veterans put his troops to flight,
found refuge here.

ELIDURUS.

If here the monarch rests,
presumptuous chief! thou might'st as well essay
to pluck him from yon stars: earth's ample range
contains no surer refuge: underneath
the soil we tread, a hundred secret paths,
coop'd through the living rock in winding maze,
lead to as many caverns, dark, and deep:
in which the hoary sages act their rites
mysterious, rites of such strange potency,
as, done in open day, would dim the sun,
though throned in noontide brightness. In such dens
he may for life be hid.

THE ABORIGINAL BRITON.

By the Rev. George Richards.

From a Prize Poem, recited at the Theatre, Oxford, 1791.

RUDE as the wilds about his sylvan home,
in savage grandeur, see the Briton roam.
There were his limbs, and strung with toil and cold,
my untamed nature cast in giant-mould.

O'er his broad brawny shoulders loosely flung,
 Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
 His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,
 Massy, and purpled deep with human gore ;
 His scarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
 Fantastic horror-striking figures frown'd ;
 Which monster-like, ev'n to the confines ran
 Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.
 His knitted brows, and rolling eyes impart
 A direful image of his ruthless heart ;
 Where war and human bloodshed brooding lie,
 Like thunder lowering in a gloomy sky.

No tender virgin heard the impassion'd youth
 Breathe his warm vows, and swear eternal truth ;
 No sire encircled by a blooming race,
 View'd his own features in his infant's face ;
 The savage knew not wedlock's chaster rite,
 The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light : *
 As passion fir'd, the lawless pair were bless'd,
 And babes unfather'd hung upon the breast.
 Such was the race who drank the light of day,
 When lost in western waves Britannia lay.
 Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
 Nor thought that ocean roll'd round other shores ;
 Viewing the fires that blazed around their skies,
 'Mid the wide world of waters set and rise ;
 They vainly deem'd the twinkling orbs of light
 For them alone illumed the vault of night ;
 For them alone the golden lamp of day
 Held its bright progress through the heavens' high way
 When the chill breeze of morning over head
 Wav'd the dark boughs that roof'd his sylvan bed,

* It is related by historians, that several of the ancient Britons had their wives in common ; and their children were accounted belong to those to whom their mothers had been married.

p the light Briton sprung, to chase the deer
 rough Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear :
 nguid at noon his fainting limbs he cast
 the warm bank, and sought his coarse repast.
 ith acorns shaken from a neighbouring oak,
 ' sapless bark that from the trunk he broke,
 is meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
 ank the hoarse wave that down the rough rocks fell.
 t eve, retracing slow his morning road,
 ith wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode :
 o city rose with spires and turrets crown'd,
 o iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd;
 at plain and simple in the shadowy wood,
 he shapeless, rude-constructed hamlets stood :
 'er the deep trench an earthy mound arose,
 o guard the sylvan town from beasts and foes.
 he crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn shade,
 'ith cheerful blaze illumed the darksome glade :
 ft-times beneath the sheltering oak was spread,
 'ith leaves, and spoils of beasts, the rustic bed;
 n open skies he rests his head, and sees
 he stars, that twinkle through the waving trees.
 n his bare breast the chilling dews descend,
 is yellow locks the midnight tempest rend ;
 ound the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
 nd shakes the lonely forest with his howls :
 et health and toil weigh down the sense, and steep
 s wearied, aching, limbs in balmy sleep ;
 ll the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,
 nd slowly gains upon the mid-wood shades.

CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

From the Elegies of Shenstone.

PLEASED if the glowing landscape wave with corn ;
 Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwarks, rise ;
 Pleased, if mine eye, o'er thousand valleys borne,
 Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon ! e'en the youthful sight
 Scales the proud hill's etherial cliffs with pain !
 Such Caer Caradoc ! thy stupendous height,
 Whose ample shade obscures the Servian main.

Bleak, joyless regions ! where, by Science fired,
 Some prying sage his lonely step may bend ;
 There, by the love of novel plants inspired,
 Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
 The free-born Briton left his greenest mead ;
 Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
 For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
 Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
 Above or Persian lore, or Attic art,
 The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame,
 Sires to his praise attuned their children's tongue ;
 The hoary Druid fed the gen'rous flame,
 While in such strains the rev'rend wizard sung.

“ Go forth, my sons ! for what is vital breath,
 Your God's expell'd, your liberty resigned ?

forth, my sons! for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots bless'd with boundless freedom, reign;
With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs,
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
You, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the grove,
What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms;
This is the favour'd moment heaven approves,
Sound the shrill trump, this instant sound to arms.

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
On the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field."

STONEHENGE.

By Warton.

How noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
The frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
To tomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Or 'd the rude heap: or in thy hallow'd round

Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ,
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd :
 Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
 We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

THE CAMBRIAN CHIEFTAIN.

Anonymous.

THE following spirited descriptive poem is transcribed from "NORTH WALES GAZETTE," in which it appeared with the initials W. and the date "Pwllhell 13th May 1826," attached to it. "Tŷ ywch the Tall," the name here assigned by the poet to his hero, was a real character, and one of the chieftains of Aneurin's Gododin.

His spirits were light as the breath of his bowers,
 His maxims of justice were free as his hills ;
 His sons and his daughters were fair as the flowers
 Which bloom'd on the sides of his crystalline rills.

His words were as artless as feasts of old nature,
 His song was as sweet as his heart-cheering mead ;
 His eagle-eyed brow, his bright dignified feature,
 Bespoke the dread warrior of terrible deed.

The whirl of his arm was the tempest's forerunner,
 His voice of command was the thunder's loud roar
 How low'ring his visage, how deps'rate his manner,
 When Wallia's deep valleys he deluged with gore.

How true his great heart beat to liberty's measures !
 How willing he drew his blue sword in her cause !
 To her cause he devoted his blood, and his treasures,
 Her name was his watchword, her dictates his laws

Oh Saxon, forbear! approach not his bleak mountain;
 tread not on his borders—thou'lt never depart;—
 forbear—or his steel in thy life's crimson fountain
 Will revel—the raven will feed on thy heart.

The proud one drives on—tempts his fate—and perdition
 Is ready its long-destin'd prey to receive;
 Could he live and survive his mad scheme of ambition,
 The Saxon for ever and ever will grieve.—

The shrill horn he blows—'tis the knell of his minions,
 The barbarous hordes are alive to his call;
 The echo resounds through the ancient dominions,
 The hills and the valleys of Tudvwilch the Tall.—

Responsive the trumpets of Cymru are sounding,
 The shouts of her heroes are heard from afar;
 On the heights of Vendotia the courser is bounding,
 Of many a chieftain renown'd in the war.

Alas! thou see, as it fell, the swoll'n cataract foaming,
 And sweeping the forester's dwelling amain?
 The hosts of the hills, when the Saxons were coming,
 Descended to meet them, and rush'd on the plain.

The torrent o'erwhelm'd all the sons of ambition,
 No more did they see the return of sweet morn;
 The dirge of their chief, 'mid the wild desolation,
 Was the scream of a raven—a raven his urn.

Alas, Fate ordain'd that the Cambrian must perish!
 Oh why must the brave and the virtuous fall?
 Fate ordain'd—and no mortal the frail hope can cherish,
 That Fate her eternal decrees shall recal.

For her decrees, oh thou chieftain illustrious!
 No treacherous foe would have compass'd thy fall;
 Had Fate must herself have been truly industrious
 To reach the high laurels of Tudvwilch the Tall.

Stonehenge: a Prize Poem.

By Thomas Stokes Salmon.

Recited in the Theatre, Oxford, June 12, 1823.

WRAPT in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
 Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb,
 Where cold Oblivion holds her dusky reign,
 Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.

Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
 Corinthian beauty, or Ionian grace
 No pillar'd lines with sculptured foliage crown'd,
 No fluted remnants deck the hallow'd ground;
 Firm, as implanted by some Titan's might,
 Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
 Whence the poised fragment tottering seems to throw
 A trembling shadow on the plain below.

Here oft, when Evening sheds her twilight ray,
 And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
 With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
 The lingering shepherd startles at the tale,
 How, at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
 Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance;
 While, on each whisp'ring breeze that murmurs by,
 His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.

Rise, from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime,
 Rise, magic spirit of forgotten time!
 'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
 And fling new radiance on Tradition's page:
 See! at thy call, from Fable's varied store,
 In shadowy train the mingled visions pour;
 Here the wild Briton, mid his wilder reign,
 Spurns the proud yoke, and scorns the oppressor's chain

Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell,*
 Waves the dark wand, and chaunts the thrilling spell.
 Hark! 'tis the Bardic-lyre, whose harrowing strain
 Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain;
 Lo! 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line
 In lowest homage bends before the shrine.
 He comes—the priest—amid the sullen blaze
 His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays;
 Dim gleam the torches thro' the circling night,
 Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light,
 O'er the black scene of death, each conscious star,
 In lurid glory, rolls its silent car.

'Tis gone! e'en now the mystic horrors fade
 From Sarum's loneliness, and Mona's glade;
 Hush'd is each note of Taliesin's† lyre,
 Sheath'd the fell blade, and quench'd the fatal fire.
 On wings of light Hope's angel form appears,
 Smiles on the past, and points to happier years;
 Points, with uplifted hand, and raptur'd eye,
 To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky;
 And views, at length, the Sun of Judah pour
 One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore.

BOADICEA.

By Cowper.

THIS celebrated British heroine, called by the Romans both Boadicea and Cartismandua; in the annals of her own nation is known only by the name of Aregwydd Voeddig. She was the daughter of Avarwg, a chieftain of the Brigantes Britons, and flourished between the years 53 and 60, when she fell in battle. The manner in which

* On this spot it is said that the British Nobles were slaughtered by Hengist.

† Taliesin, President of the Bards, flourished in the sixth Century.

the Druidic bards in their historical triads, have handed the fame of this princess to posterity, is very remarkable and just: for her brave and patriotic bearing in heading a revolt, and leading her countrymen to battle against the Romans, she is held up to admiration; for her unmerited degradation, when scourged by the Roman lictors, on her capture, her worth is vindicated in the same degree that the ungenerous victors are rendered detestable for a brutal and ferocious act: but she is ultimately consigned to infamy for basely betraying her countryman and rival chieftain, the celebrated Caradoc, or Caractacus, into the hands of the Romans. This deed, which stained her former celebrity, was denominated "one of the three secret treasons of the isle of Britain."

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods;—

Sage, beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
 Ev'ry burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;

Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they !”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire ;
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet, but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow :
Rush’d to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying, hurl’d them at the foe.

“Ruffians, pitiless as proud !
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestow’d,
Shame and ruin wait on you,”

CARACTACUS.

By the Rev. Sneyd Davies.

CARADOC (Caractacus) the Silurian and Ordovician chief, or as Tacitus says he described himself, “*Plurium Gentium Imperator*.” Having bravely defended his country against the Roman power for sixteen years, he was at length betrayed by Cartismandua, queen of the

Brigantes, and sent prisoner to Rome. His manly and dignified deportment in the Roman senate procured him his freedom, and the esteem of Claudius. The following is a version of his celebrated speech before the Roman emperor.

ALL Rome was still, and nations stood at gaze :
 Forth came the mighty chief, august in chains,
 Unbroken, unsubdued; his dauntless brow
 Lost not its conscious grandeur: round he look'd
 With steady glance, a lion in the toils;
 Yet mindful of his fate, to Cæsar's throne
 He bow'd majestic, and thus calmly spake :

" Had moderation sway'd my prosperous days,
 Rome had beheld me Cæsar's guest, and friend,
 Nor blush'd; descended from a sceptred race
 That ruled Britannia's independent isle
 Beyond all annals of recording fame.
 If Rome commands, must vassal worlds obey?
 What, not resist? Who not defend their rights
 Deserve not. Cowards only should be slaves.
 Yes, I had arms, and wealth, and friends, and fame:
 What, tamely give them up? Disgrace indeed!
 That I so long withstood your baffled power.
 Forgive me, Roman virtue, that offence:
 Had I a cheap and easy conquest proved,
 My ruin, and your glory had been less;
 Oblivion soon had veil'd my dastard name,
 Unworthy Cæsar's pity. Death or life
 Are at his dread disposal. That or this,
 I neither fear to meet, nor scorn to ask."

" Yes, noble captive," said the lord of Rome,
 " Thy life is sacred, and thy freedom seal'd.
 My sole ambition, soaring high, requires,
 Amid my banners, and triumphal cars,
 To bear thy valiant country's name."

He spake : loud thundering acclamations
 And shouts that tore the Capitol, proclaim'd
 Imperial mercy to the gallant foe.
 All eyes are fix'd in wonder ! some admire
 His front erect, broad limbs, and martial port :
 All praise the unwearied valour that durst cope
 With Roman prowess, and well nigh prevail'd.
 Not bold Jugurtha, nor the Syrian king,
 Nor Persius reft of Alexander's crown,
 Attracted more regard, and gazing awe.
 E'en Claudius, in his radiant seat sublime,
 The world's great master, with his legions fierce,
 His glittering eagles, all his trophied pomp
 And pride begirt, look'd little on his throne.

Brave Caradoc, applauded by thy foes,
 What shall thy friends, thy grateful Britons say ?
 What columns, and what altars rear of fame ?
 Thrice told five hundred courses of the sun,
 Thy age is green, thy laurels freshly bloom.

THE CAMBRIAN BARD.

From the Rev. David Lloyd's Voyage of Life.

THE following is an extract from the second edition of that work, published in 1812, a poem of such excellence, that its merits need only to be known to be duly appreciated. Its author is the present vicar of Llanbister, Radnorshire, who, in the bosom of his native country, and in the parish which gave him birth, evinces the possession of such powers in poetry, music, and mechanism, as prove him endowed with no common genius. He is also the author of a work entitled *Horæ Theologicæ*, a series of essays on the more important points in theology, by which he has likewise distinguished himself as an author in his more immediate professional department.

BUT not in courts are real Bards produced,
 Though genius oft has gain'd admission there :
 They love the walks where Nature's track is seen,
 And riot 'mid rent rocks, and forests wild,
 Huge precipices, cataracts, and groves
 Of venerable oak, impervious half
 To Sol's bright beams, o'erhanging waterfalls,
 And half admitting chequer'd rays to dance
 Adown the silver Naiads' murmuring streams.

Such are the scenes which caught the poet's eye,
 And fired in freedom's cause his ardent muse,
 'Mid Cambria's cloud-capt hills, and rural vales.
 Here balmy air, and springs as æther clear,
 Fresh downs, and limpid rills, and daisied meads
 Delight the eye, reanimate the heart,
 And on the florid cheek emboss the rose,
 'Mid sweetest dimples and unfeigned smiles.
 Here shepherd swains, attentive to their charge,
 Distent o'er hillocks green, or mountains huge,
 Mantled with purple heath; throughout the day
 Enjoy "alternate exercise and ease,"
 And oft at eve, meet each his favorite lass,
 And chaunt their ditties to the dulcet sound
 Of tabor, pipe, and harp, with social glee.
 Blithe days and nights of undisturb'd repose
 Brace all their nerves with vigour, and conduce
 To health and happiness, and length of years.

Near to these sacred haunts, erst seldom trod
 By foot profane, the far-famed Druid pour'd
 Immortal harmony, to meet the skies.
 Methinks I hear the symphony sublime
 Of Cambria's ancient harp, with triple rows
 Of melodies, so soft, so sweet, so full,
 As old Orphean lyre might not disown.
 I hear applauding throngs, assembled round
 In the Eisteddvod, chosen sons of art,

Rehearsing, each in turn, to Cambrian airs,
 The warm effusions of no venal muse,
 In epic, lyric, elegiac strains,
 What time Dolbadarn's regal turret-walls,
 Or Conway old re-echoed to the song,
 And princes listen'd with approving joy.

Old time, aloft, has seen a Druid Bard,
 'Mid Mona's sacred groves, and Calder's cliffs,
 With meagre cheek, and piercing hollow eye,
 Commanding awe, (as the surrounding scenes,)
 And in his hand the Crwth* or Cambrian harp :
 Loose and dishevell'd hung his hoary locks
 Light floating on the gale : he struck the lyre,
 And Idris', † craggy crevices around
 Re-echoed triple harmonies, in full
 And various concert with the hollow gales,
 And rapid rills fast falling o'er the cliffs;
 While underneath, his darting sight survey'd
 Alps, lakes, and precipices, rivers, groves,
 Forests, and islands, with surrounding seas.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

By Mrs. Hemans.

WHERE met the Bards of old? the glorious throng,
 They of the mountain, and the battle song?
 They met—Oh! not in kingly hall or tower,
 But where wild Nature girt herself with power!

* A kind of ancient viol of very simple construction, pronounced *Crooth*.

† Idris was a celebrated bard, musician, and astronomer, and is said to have had his observatory on the peak of Cader Idris, and the mountain to have thence derived its name.

They met where streams flash'd bright from rocky caves;
 They met where woods made moan o'er warriors' graves;
 And where the torrent's rainbow-spray was cast,
 And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,
 And midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
 The crested Roman in his hour of pride:
 And where the Carnedd,* on its lonely hill,
 Bore silent record of the mighty still;
 And where the Druid's ancient Cromlech† frown'd,
 And the oaks breathed mysterious murmurs round,
 They throng'd, th' Inspired of yore! on plain or height,
 "In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light;"‡
 And baring unto heaven each noble head,
 Stood in the circle where none else might tread:
 Well might their lays be lofty!—soaring thought
 From Nature's presence ten-fold grandeur caught!
 Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains!
 Whence came th' echoes to those numbers high?
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by!
 And from the tombs of heroes gone to rest,
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
 Sever'd by cloud and storm from all below;
 And the turf mounds, once girt by ruddy spears,
 And the rock altars of departed years!
 Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore,
 And the green Land, whose every vale and glen
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men;
 On all her hills awakening to rejoice,
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.

* A huge heap of stones.

† A Druidical altar.

‡ An expression used by the ancient bards on the proclamation of their Gorseddau, or Congress, now denominated Eisteddfodau, or Gaeassons.

For us,—not ours the festival to hold
 Amidst the stone-circles, hallow'd thus of old ;
 Not where great Nature's majesty and might
 First broke, all glorious, on our wondering sight ;
 Not near the tombs where sleep our free and brave,
 Not by the mountain-llyn,* the ocean wave,
 In these late days we meet:—dark Mona's shore,
 Cryri's† cliffs resound with harps no more.
 But, as the stream (though time or art may turn
 The current bursting from its cavern'd urn,
 To bathe soft vales of pastures and of flowers,
 From alpine glens, and awful forest-bowers,)—
 Alike, in rushing strength or sunny sleep,
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep :
 Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm and free,
 And of the Bard ! our spirit flies to thee.
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,
 Our dreams are haunted by the voice of song !
 For yield our souls one patriot feeling less
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,
 Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from every height,
 In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light."

WALES AND WELSHMEN.

From Thomas Churchyard's Worthines of Wales.

THE writings of Churchyard, quaint, formal, and clothed in an obsolete phraseology, are, like Michael Drayton's, more distinguished for the rigid fidelity of their descriptions and statements, than for their poetic excellence. The extracts from his *Worthines of Wales*, inserted in this work, will be found, if not elegant and entertaining, at least curious, and very useful, as a rough painting by an artist of

* Mountain-lake.

† Snowdon's cliffs.

Elizabeth's day; while his eulogies of Wales, in the venerable language of Spenser, cannot but prove grateful to the natives of the Principality. His sober muse, though neither the aerial companion of Fancy, nor the ardent offspring of the passions, yet richly deserves perpetuity, as the handmaid of History; and though, instead of "vesture of the sunbeam's dyes," she may be decked in the homely frieze of common place, still she is comely, and should not die; her steady torch has blazed on objects "worthy the notice of all posterity," which *were*, but *are not*.

EDITOR.

Through sondrie soyles and stately kingdomes rich,
Long have I traced to treade out time and yeares ;
Where I, at will, have surely scene right mitch,
As by my workes and printed bookes appeares .
And wearied thus, with toyle in forrayne place,
I homeward drue, to take some rest a space ;
But labouring mynd that rests not but in bed,
Began afresh to trouble restless head.

When newfound toyles, that hales men all in haste,
To runne on head, and looke not where they goe,
Bade reason ride, where love should be embraced,
And where tyme could his labour best bestowe .
To Wales (quoth Wit) there doth plaine people dwell,
So may'st thou come to heaven out of hell ;
For Fraunce is fine, and full of faithlesse waies,
Poor Flaunders grosse, and farre from hapie dayes.

Ritch Spayne is proud and stern to strangers all ;
In Italie poysning is alwaies rife,
And Germanie to drunkennesse doth fall :
The Danes likewise do lead a bibbing life,
The Scots seek bloud, and beare a cruel mynde ;
Ireland grows nought, the people are unkind !
England, God wot, hath learn'd such leudnesse late,
That Wales, methinks, is now the soundest state .
In all the rest of kingdoms, farre and nere,
A fricke or two of treacherie staynes the soyle ;

t since the time that rule and law came here,*
 is British land was never put to foyle,
 r foule offence, or faulte it did commit :
 e people here in peace doth quiet sit,
 ays the prince, without revolt or jarre,
 cause they know the fate of civill warre.

hiles quarrels rage did nourish ruynest wracke,
 d Owen Glendore set bloodie broyles abroad,
 ll many a towne was spoil'd and put to sacke,
 d cleane consum'd, to countries foule reproache :
 eat castles raste, fayre buildings burnt to dust,
 ch revell reign'd, that men did live by lust :
 t since they came and yeelded unto lawe,
 ost meeke as lambe, within one yoke they draw.

ke brethren now do Welshmen still agree,
 as much love as any men alive ;
 e friendship there, and concord that I see,
 loe compare to bees in honey hive,
 hich keep in swarme, and hold together still,
 et gladly showe to stranger great good will ;
 courteous kinde of love in every place,
 man may finde, in simple people's face.

use where you please, on plaine or mountain wilde,
 d beare yourself in sweet and civille sort,
 d you shall sure be hail'd with man and childe,
 ho will salute, with gentle comely port,
 e passers by ; on braves they stand not so,
 ithout good speech, to let the trav'ler go ;
 ey think it dett and duetie frank and free,
 towne or field, to yeeld you cap and knee.

ey will not strive to royst and take the way
 f any man, that travailes through their land ;
 greater thing of Wales now will I say,
 ou may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,

* In the reign of Henry VIII.

Or mightie bagges of silver stuffed throwe,
 And no one man dare touch your treasure now;
 Which shewessome grace doth rule and guyde them the
 That doth to God and man such conscience beare.

Behold besides a further thing to note,
 The best cheape cheare, when each man pais his groat
 If all alike the reckoning runneth round;
 Sure, satisfaction will to each abound.
 There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
 Each place is fill'de with plenty all the yeare:
 The ground manured, the graine doth so increase,
 That thousands live in wealth and blessed peace.

But come again unto their courteous shoe,
 That wins the hearts of all that markes the same;
 The like whereof through all the world doe goe,
 And scarce ye shall finde people in such frame:
 For meeke as dove in lookes and speech they are,
 Not rough and rude, (as spiteful tongues declare,)
 No, sure, they seem no sooner out of shell,
 But nature shews they knowe good manners well.

How can this be, that weaklings nurst so harde,
 (Who barely goes, both barefoote and uncled)
 In gifts of mynd should have so greate regarde,
 Except within, from birth some grace were bred;
 It must be so; doe wit not me deceave;
 What nature gives the world cannot bereave,
 In this remaines a secret work divine,
 Which shew they rise from auncient race and line,

In authors old you shall that plainly read,
 Geraldus one, and learned Geoffrey two,
 The third, for troth, is venerable Beade,
 That many grave and worthish works did doe;
 That needes this prooffe or genalogies here,
 Their noble blood doth by their lives appeare:
 Their stately townes and castles every where,
 Of their renowne doth daily witness beare.

THE GLORY OF MOUNTAINS.*

From Thomas Churchyard's Worthines of Wales.

me Nature drew these mountaynes in such sort,
 though the one should yeeld the other grace;
 as each hill itself were such a fort,
 ty scorn'd to stoope to give the cannon place.
 all were plainne and smoothe like garden ground,
 ere should hye woods and goodly groves be found?
 e eye's delight that lookes on every coast,
 th pleasures great and fayre prospect were lost.

hill we vewe farre off both field and flood,
 ele heate or cold and so sucke up sweet ayre;
 bold beneath, great worth and worldly good,
 : walled townes, and looke on countries fayre.
 d whoso sits or stands on mountayne hye,
 th half a worlde in compass of his eye;
 platform made, of nature for the ponce,
 ere man may looke on all the earth at once.

se ragged rocks brings plainest people foorth,
 mountayne wyld, the hardest horse is bred;
 ough grasse thereon be grosse and little worth,
 et is the foode, where hunger so is fed.
 rootes and hearbes our fathers long did feede,
 d neere the skye growes sweetest fruit indeede;
 moorish meers and watrie mossie ground,
 : rotten weedes and rubbish, drosse, unsound.
 : fogges and mists that rise from vale belowe,
 eason makes that highest hills are best;

In the original the author has headed this poem, "*A discourse
 fountaynes.*"

And when such fogges doth ore the mountayne goe,
 In foulest daies, fayre weather may be gest.
 As bitter blasts on mountaynes higge doth blowe,
 So noysome smells and savours breede belowe :
 The hille stands cleare, and cleane from filthie smell,
 They find not so that do in valley dwell.

The mountayne men, live longer many a yeere,
 Then those in vale, in plaine or marrish soyle ;
 A lustie hart, a cleene complexion cleere,
 They have on hill, that for hard living toyle ;
 Withewe and lambe, with goats and kinds they play,
 In greatest toyles to rub out wearie day :
And when to house and home good fellows drawe,
The lads can laugh at turning of a strawe.

No ayre so pure and wholesome as the hill,
 Both man and beast delight to be thereon ;
 In heate and cold, it keeps one nature still,
 Trim, neate, and drye, and gay to goe upon.
 A place most fit for pastime and good sport,
 To which soyle stagge and bucke doth still resort ;
 To crye of hounds the mountayns ecco yields
 A grace to vale, a beautie to the fields.

THE MOUNTAIN LAND.

By T. J. Llewelyn Prichard.

From the Battle of Bryn Glas, a Poem in MS.

The eagles shriek, the billows roar,
 My soul is with the days of yore—
 When groan'd the land, with war convulsed,
 And Cymru's sons the foe repulsed ;
 While plumed and harness'd chiefs command,
 And conquer or die for the Mountain Land.

Freedom, amid a cloudy clime,
 Erects her mountain throne sublime ;
 While natives of the sunny plains
 Are gall'd with yokes and slavish chains ;—
 Then shrink we ne'er, unnerved, as bann'd
 In the cloudy clime of the Mountain Land.

Turban'd in her folds of mist,
 Our mountain land the sky hath kiss'd,
 While on her brow the native wreath
 Of yellow furze, and purple heath ;
 The rural reign her vales command,
 And the freemen's swords of the Mountain Land.

Nobly, amid her land of lakes,
 Stark Cadair Idris proudly breaks ;
 Pimlimon, father of the floods,
 Divested of his native woods,
 Frowns sternly yet ; but still more grand
 Great Snowdon, supreme of the Mountain Land.

Oh who hath stood on Snowdon's side,
 And glanced o'er Mona's virgin pride ;
 And gazed on fatal Moel-y-don,
 But thought of these once there undone ?
 When Saxons and their foreign band
 Were crush'd by the sons of the Mountain Land.

Nor less illustrious, facing us,
 Yon hill, where fought Caractacus,
 Inspired by his nation's wrong,
 Opposing Cæsar's legions strong ;
 But at yon dyke by Mercians plann'd,
 And laughed the sons of the Mountain Land.

Our mountain land is bleak and bare,
 But Freedom's sons inherit there ;
 Loud and piercing is the storm,
 And yet it nerves the gallant form ;

The rugged billows scourge the strand,
So their foes lash the sons of the Mountain Land.

Our mountain land is high in air,
Exalted in its greatness rare ;
And there be vales and streams between
The hills of brown and forests green ;
While a gay and cheerful happy band
Are the hardy sons of the Mountain Land.

And who shall charge us void of wealth ?
On hill and vale the goddess Health,
By rosy nymphs attended well,
Reigns, and breathes the wholesome spell ;
O'er Cymry's train she waves her wand,
And blesses the sons of the Mountain Land.

Oh dear to them the harp and song,
As vengeance for a burning wrong ;--
Oh dear to them is friendship's greet.
And woman's love, of rapture sweet :
Dearer still to the gallant band
Is the land of their fathers—the Mountain Land.

But is all prowess in the grave ?
No ! there be hearts the land to save ;
Who deem us weak oh much they err,
Woe, woe, to shallow Mortimer !
Glyndwr stands 'gainst Bolingbroke,
Burst and dash'd to the earth be the Cymry's yoke.

The hîrlas still is foaming found,
The corn-buelin hath a sound,
Old Cymr u's telyp still hath strings,
And many a patriot bard that sings ;
Sons to obey and sires to command,
And Glyndwr's the chief of the Mountain Land.

PRINCE HOEL'S CHILD.

From Southey's Madoc.

Now had prince Madoc left the holy isle,
 And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
 Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way
 He turned aside, by natural impulses
 Moved, to behold Cadwalon's lonely hut;
 That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
 By a grey mountain-stream; just elevate
 Above the winter torrents did it stand,
 Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
 Rose behind, and joyous was the scene,
 In early summer, when those antic trees
 Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
 Winkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
 But, save the flax fields, and that orchard slope,
 All else was desolate, and now all wore
 A sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
 Among the hills, was grey with rocks, that peer'd
 Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
 Was loose with stones bestrewn, which, oftentimes
 Lying beneath the foot of straggling goat,
 Tatter'd adown the steep, or huger crags,
 Which, when the coming frost should loosen them,
 Could thunder down. All things assorted well
 With that grey mountain hue: the low stone lines,
 Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of man,
 The dwelling, rudely rear'd with stones unbewn,
 The stubble flax, the crooked apple trees,
 Grey with their fleecy moss and misletoe,
 The white-bark'd birch, now leafless, and the ash,
 Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,

Through which they forced their way. Adown the vale
Broken by stones, and o'er a stony bed,
Roll'd the loud mountain stream.

When Madoc came,

A little child was sporting by the brook,
Floating the fallen leaves, that he might see them
Whirl in the eddy now, and now be driven
Down the descent, now on the smoother stream
Sail onward, far away. But when he heard
The horse's tramp, he raised his head, and watched
The prince, who now dismounted, and drew nigh.
The little boy still fix'd his eyes on him,
His bright blue eyes; the wind just moved the curls
That cluster'd round his brow; and so he stood,
His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze,
In innocent wonder. Madoc took his hand,
And now had asked his name, and if he dwelt
There, in that hut, when from the cottage door,
A woman came, who, seeing Madoc, stopp'd
With such a fear—for she had cause for fear—
As when a bird, returning to her nest,
Turns to a tree beside, if she behold
Some prying boy too near the dear retreat.
Howbeit, advancing soon, she now approach'd
The approaching prince, and timidly enquired,
If, on his wayfare, he had lost the track,
That thither he had stray'd. "Not so," replied
The gentle prince; "but having known this place,
And its old inhabitants, I came once more
To view the lonely hut among the hills.
Hath it been long your dwelling?" "Some few years
Here we have dwelt," quoth she, "my child and I,
Will it please you enter, and partake such fare
As we can give?" still timidly she spake;
But gathering courage from the gentle mien
Of him with whom she conversed. Madoc thank'd
The friendly proffer, and toward the hut

They went, and in his arms he took the boy.
 "Who is his father?" said the prince, but wish'd
 The word unutter'd; for thereat her cheek
 Was flush'd with sudden heat, and manifest pain;
 And she replied, "He perish'd in the war."
 They entered now her house; she spread the board,
 Bringing fresh curds, and cheese like curds so white,
 The orchard fruits, and what beverage
 Her bees, who now were slumbering in the hive,
 Had toil'd to purvey all the summer long.
 "Three years," said Madoc, "have gone by, since here,
 Found a timely welcome, overworn
 With toil, and sorrow, and sickness—three long years!
 'Twas when the battle had been waged hard by,
 Upon the plain of Arvon."

She grew pale,
 Suddenly pale; and seeing that he mark'd
 The change, she told him, with a feeble voice,
 That was the fatal fight that widow'd her.
 "Oh Christ!" cried Madoc, 'tis a grief to think
 How many a gallant Briton died that day,
 In that accursed strife! I trod the field
 When all was over—I beheld them heap'd—
 Aye, like ripe corn within the reaper's reach,
 Strewn round the bloody spot where Hoel lay;
 Brave as he was, himself cut down at last,
 Oppress'd by numbers, gash'd with wounds, yet still
 Clenching, in his dead hand, the broken sword!
 But you are moved—you weep at what I tell.
 Forgive me, that, renewing my own grief,
 Should have waken'd yours! Did you then know
 Since Hoel?"

She replied, "Oh no! my lot
 Was humble, and my loss a humble one;
 Yet was it all to me! They say, "quoth she,—
 And as she spake, she struggled to bring forth
 With painful voice, the interrupted words—

"They say prince Hoel's body was not found ;
 But you, who saw him dead, perchance can tell
 Where he was laid, and by what friendly hand."
 "Even where he fell," said Madoc, "is his grave,
 For he who buried him was one whose faith
 Reck'd not of boughten prayers, nor passing bell.
 There is a hawthorn grows beside the place,
 A solitary tree, nipt by the winds,
 That it doth seem a fitting monument
 For one untimely slain—but wherefore dwell we
 On this ungrateful scene?"

He took a harp
 Which stood beside, and passing o'er its chords,
 Made music. At the touch the child drew nigh,
 Pleased by the sounds, and leant on Madoc's knee,
 And bade him play again: so Madoc played,
 For he had skill in minstrelsy, and raised
 His voice, and sung

Prince Hoel's lay of love.

"I have harness'd thee, my steed of shining grey,
 And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls—
 I love the white walls by the verdant bank,
 That glitter in the sun, where bashfulness
 Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.
 I love that glittering dwelling, where we hear
 The ever-sounding waves; for there she dwells,
 The shapely maid, fair as the ocean spray,
 Her cheek as lovely as the apple-flower,
 Or summer's evening glow. I pine for her;
 And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
 And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale
 As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.
 I pine away for her, yet pity her,
 That she should spurn a love so true as mine."

He ceased, and laid his hand upon the child,—
 "And didst thou like the song?" The child replied—

Oh yes! it is a song my mother loves,
 and so I love it too." He stoop'd, and kiss'd
 the boy, who still was leaning on his knee,
 already grown familiar. "I should like
 to take thee with me," quoth the ocean lord,
 Over the seas."

"Thou art prince Madoc then!"—
 the mother cried,—“thou art indeed the prince!
 That song—that look!”—and at his feet she fell,
 fainting—Oh take him, Madoc! save the child!
 My brother Hoel's orphan!”

OWEN GWYNETH.

By S. R. Jackson.

HENRY II. taking advantage of the dissention among the Welsh
 princes, in the year 1157, the third of his reign, collected a very
 formidable army, determined on the subjugation of the Principality.
 He encamped his forces at Saltney Marsh, in Flintshire. Owen
 Gwyneth, prince of North Wales, with his usual activity, took
 post at Basingwerk, near Holywell, and waited the approach of the
 English. A chosen body of troops, commanded by several barons of
 distinction, were sent to tempt Owen to a general action. The
 party, passing through the broken country of Coed Eulo, were
 vigorously assaulted by the two sons of Owen, and the English
 fled in great disorder and with much slaughter to the main body of
 the army. Alarmed at the danger, and mortified by the disgrace,
 Henry broke up his camp, and marched along the sea shore to the
 town of Flint, with a view of penetrating into the interior of the
 country; but in passing through a long and narrow defile at Coun-
 tllt, he was intercepted by Owen, who permitted him to enter, un-
 molested, into the strait, when, cutting off his retreat, the Welsh
 rushed upon their foes with terrible outcries, from the woods,
 assaulting them most vigorously. Struck with dismay, and en-
 cumbered with heavy armour, the English were again thrown into
 the utmost disorder, and a dreadful carnage ensued. Eustace de
 Fitzjohn and Robert de Courey, with many noblemen of distinction,

fell, while Henry himself fled. A rumour of the king's death succeeded to intimidate the English; and the earl of Essex, hereditary standard-bearer of England, seized with the general panic, threw to the ground the royal standard, and fled, crying aloud, "The king is slain!" The terror became universal, when the Welsh attacked the English with such impetuosity, that a general rout followed. Thus Owen, with his small army, against a very superior one, became again victorious.

EDITOR.

FROM Coed Eulo's bloody ground
 Heralded by trumpet sound,
 And the hollow roll of drum,
 Breathing death, the Normans come;
 Reckless that their boasted blood
 Soon should be the raven's food;
 Fiery Henry at their head,
 Raging for his vassals dead.
 Was the bittern's cry too harsh
 From her bed in Saltney-Marsh?
 Haughty monarch, did it tell
 Their death who at Hawarden fell?
 Did it prophesy his doom,
 That thou seek'st him, man of gloom!
 Him, who doth thy pride alarm,
 Owen of the mighty arm?

On they rush;—in Counsylvllt strait
 Silent Cambria's warriors wait,
 Fill its dark defile within;
 Then was heard the horrid din:
 Wrathful shouts, and painful cries,
 From their ambuscade arise,
 As, like madd'ning wolves, they go
 Headlong on the wond'ring foe;
 So come forth the eagle's brood
 From their barren solitude,
 And with force and sudden shock;
 Goad the hunter on the rock.

So the wild wolf in his lair
 With his howl affrights the air,
 Rushing forth, in hot career,
 Heedless on the barbed spear.
 Stones and arrows fly around,
 Dying warriors bite the ground;
 Wrested from their rugged bed,
 Broken rocks around are spread;
 All that hate can grasp in wrath,
 Checks the Norman in his path.

Nought avail'd proud Henry then
 His armed steed, and mail-clad men,
 'Gainst the naked-bosom'd few,
 To their king and country true,—
 Men, for valour known afar,
 Unsubdued, till now, in war;
 Pent within the narrow strait,
 'Cumber'd by their iron weight,
 Hesitating how to meet
 Their foes,—unknowing to retreat,
 Or resist, they fall beneath
 The thirsty steel that asks their death;—
 Vain is now the strength and speed
 Of the Saracenic steed,
 Reckless of the spur and rein,
 He gnaws the bloody earth in pain.

Wav'ring the tide of combat flows,
 With Cambria now, now with her foes.
 Proud De Courcy's bubbling blood
 Is curdling in the underwood;
 And the soul of stout Fitzjohn
 To the realms of air has gone:
 Low has sunk the battle cry
 Of Montford and Montgomery:
 Haughty Pulford's sable shield
 Shiver'd lies upon the field;

And his cross, so white before,
 Reddens with its owner's gore :
 But the blade of Vernon yet
 Gleams, with gore of Cambria wet.
 Fiery Dutton, on his knee,
 Still maintains it gallantly :
 And the cry of battle swells
 Of Humphreville and Venables ;
 Though their great and haughty one,
 Henry, from the field has gone.
 Thanks unto the noble beast
 That bore thee, king, thou ow'st at least.

Like, the vermin, from the wood
 Scared by fire, the Norman brood,
 In confusion, seek the plain ;
 Terror holds awhile her reign :
 Hark ! the hollow trumpet's bray
 Speaks, at once their wild dismay,
 And the fortune of the day,
 Heralding the victor ;—now
 Proudly tow'rs the Cambrian's brow,
 Brightly flashes Owen's eye
 As he sees the boasters fly.

See the hand of Essex' earl
 Feeble as a pining girl,
 Drop to earth the standard there—
 Hark ! the cry that rings through air !
 Hark ! the thrilling voice of dread
 From the foe,—“ The king is dead ! ”
 Like a fire, from man to man,
 Swift the sound of terror ran ;
 Proud, above his native bands,
 Like the vulture Owen stands,
 Darkly watching o'er his prey,
 Where to pierce their thick array ;
 Joyful he beholds the foe
 Scattering on the plain below,

Down upon them from the steep
 Fierce they rush, with furious sweep.
 As the lightly-waving corn
 Rudely on the field is borne
 By the blast that lately slept,
 So the foe from earth were swept,
 Till the dark'ning cloud of night
 Spread o'er heaven, then ceased the fight.

Bedd Gelart, or Gelart's Grave.

By the Hon. W. R. Spencer.

LLEWELYN AB GRIFFITH, prince of Wales, who had married Joan, natural daughter of king John, of England, received from his er-in-law the present of a fine greyhound named Kill-hart, (since shifted into Gelart,) which became a great favorite with the ce. The following beautiful ballad is founded on a tradition current in North Wales, that Llewelyn, missing his favorite dog, turned discontented, from the chase, and on entering his castle, faithful Gelart sprang to meet him, and by fawning, leaping, wagging his tail, evinced unusual joy: but his bloody mouth, the blood-stained floor, excited his master's astonishment—and great horror, on beholding the cradle which contained his infant et. Supposing the dog to have killed his child, he instantly thrust him through with his hunting spear, when the poor animal gave a piteous cry, and died. On turning up the cradle, he found there his child, alive, and wrapt in rosy slumbers, beside a dead calf, which had been killed by Gelart. Llewelyn's regret may easily be imagined. He erected a tomb over the grave of his faithful dog, thence called Bedd Gelart, which designation was also given to the parish church afterwards built there, that became the centre of a town, to this day called Bedd Gelart. From this incident derived the common Welsh proverb, "Yr wyf yn edifarhau maint a'r gwr a laddodd ei ōlgi." "*I am as sorry as the man who slew his greyhound.*"

EDITOR.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn ;

And many a brach,* and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come Gelart come! wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh where does faithful Gelart roam.
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chace?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelart fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelart could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chace of hart or hare,
And poor and scant the booty proved,
For Gelart was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat
His truant Gelart he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood,

* A female hound.

The hound, all o'er, was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprize.

Unused such looks to meet ;—
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn pass'd,
And on went Gelart too ;
Oh still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied—
He search'd, with terror wild ;—
Blood, blood, he found on ev'ry side,
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devour'd ”
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelart's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelart's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelart's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh :—
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,

All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

No scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain?
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe,
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd,
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelart's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved,
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In Fancy's ear, he oft would hear
Poor Gelart's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of GELART'S GRAVE.

LLEWELYN AND HIS BARDS.

By John Walters, B. A.

Scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, Published in a thin Octavo, in 1780.

LLEWELYN AB GRIFFITH, last of the Welsh princes, in the early part of his life gave Edward I. a personal overthrow in the Marches, which at king's revengeful spirit never forgave. He conceived a lasting hatred of him, which he pursued through every reverse of fortune, with an unrelenting severity. An accident gave him an advantage over the Welsh prince, which his valour and conduct were unable to obtain. Elinor, daughter of the earl of Leicester, who residing at a nunnery at Montargis in France, and who was betrothed to Llewelyn, sailing for Wales, with her brother Almeric, was taken off the isles of Scilly by four ships from Bristol, and imprisoned in the castles of Corfe and Shirburn. Edward, who knew Llewelyn's extreme love of Elinor, made this advantage the ground of very humiliating conditions, to which the Welsh prince acceded. This treaty, by which Elinor was restored to her lover, granted to Edward an enormous tribute, and an extensive tract of the Welsh territory, with homage for the mutilated part which remained to Llewelyn; and admitted English lords into the bosom of North Wales. The Welsh, impoverished and weakened by this cruel bondage, and heavily oppressed by their new masters, revolted: an unequal struggle ensued, which terminated in the death of the prince, and the entire subjection of Wales to the crown of England.

IN Mona's groves, whose savage glooms
Close thick o'er ruin'd fanes and tombs,
Which, from the world secluded far,
Ne'er echoed to the voice of war;
In fair Aberfraw's princely towers
Llewelyn wore the joyless hours,
On each new scene, whate'er he chose;
The banquet or his short repose,

The form of captive Ellen stole,
And sadden'd all his mighty soul.

Two rival bards contending came,
And tuned the harp's harmonious frame ;
They traced him to a Druid grove,
The refuge of despairing love.
Famed Lygad first, to rouse his lord,
Told all the fame his dreadful sword
Had won, and how a youth he rose,
And vanquish'd his surrounding foes.

“ Brave prince, from ancient Beli sprung,
Thou darling theme of Cambria's tongue !
Brave prince, immortal gifts are mine,
And skill of poesy divine,
(Each gift the good and wise approve,
The gift descendeth from above.)
Ah never to despondence yield,
Prayer's misfortune's tenfold shield.
Son of the Sylvan boar, behold !
Thy future triumphs I unfold.
But first with haughty Edward's fall
Thy youthful conquests I recal,
The clash of swords, the buckler's ring,
Thy sore defeat of England's king,
When wondering Menai's silver flood
Was stain'd with streams of crimson blood,
And list'ning Arvon's rocky shore
Responsive swell'd the battle's roar.
On came thy bands—arousing fears,
Quick as the lightning of their spears :
Like waves, alternate on the shore
Roll'd the ranks that stream'd with gore.
Llewelyn, such thy former deeds,
A longer, nobler, train succeeds.
But if with love's inglorious flame,
Forgetful of thy former fame,

Thy eagle heart inactive pine,
 And Cambria to her fate resign—
 Ah ! Heaven—what dark'ning gloom appears
 To darken thy retiring years !
 O'er distant Vaga's sable stream
 I hear the hovering raven scream !
 Breaker of shields, assert thy throne,
 And fame and empire are thine own."

Won by the bard's persuasive skill,
 Llewelyn felt his alter'd will :
 He felt, and scarce could love controul
 The new-born ardour of his soul.

" Sound the golden lyre again,
 Strike once more that magic strain,
 At which my heart, transported, bounds
 As when the horn of battle sounds :
 Lift the lay and strike the string
 That waked the soul of Gwyneth's king,
 Who set his captive warriors free,
 And led them on to victory.
 Kindle bard the sacred fire
 That sleeps, and call forth all the lyre
 Within whose deep mysterious cells
 The spirit of enchantment dwells.

" Edward, thy fierce revenge I see !
 Why dealt my lance a wound to thee ?
 Or wherefore find no vital part,
 Nor welter in thy cruel heart ?
 Thrice fatal, though victorious day !
 Unseen repentance and dismay
 Lurk'd in thy rear : the wounds I gave
 Return upon me—vainly brave !
 Edward, at length thy pride appears,
 Too real were my boding fears.
 In forests bred, a savage beast,
 Thou ne'er hast tasted woman's breast,

I hear with mingled rage and pain,
 Thy threats, thy terms of high disdain ;
 I see thy dark ungenerous art,
 And wrath enflames my swelling heart.
 Poet of the lofty strain,
 Strike the sounding lyre again."

" Yes, warlike prince—from heaven descend
 The numbers of thy loyal friend.
 Mean is my garb, yet on my tongue
 Dwells the immortal gift of song.
 Chief of the golden border'd shield,
 Forsake not Glory's martial field—
 Terror of land, and sea, and skies,
 Dark eagle of the north, arise !
 In peace, thy Cambria's guiding star,
 Her anchor in the storm of war.
 Each doubt of Ellen's faith remove,
 For jealousy's the bane of love.
 Watch'd by heaven's unsleeping eye,
 Her charms the power of lust defy.
 Thine be the prize, those peerless charms
 Oh snatch her from the tyrant's arms !
 See, Edward—trembling on thy throne,
 The march of Mona's dragon son,
 Whose dread return shall soon destroy
 Thy carols of triumphant joy.
 Brave warriors wait his wide command,
 And death still issues from his hand :
 Confusion and despair inclose
 Llewelyn's fierce perfidious foes ;
 Before his face they fled away
 Like spectres at the glimpse of day.
 Where, champions, may ye now be found ?
 Pierced deep with many a grisly wound,
 Bleaching ye lie, and ghastly pale,
 In bleak December's frosty gale.

Adorn'd once more with warlike mail,
 Llewelyn, princely hero, hail !
 The Saxon host thy sword shall quell,
 Thy power prophetic bards foretell :
 All Britain shall again be ours !
 And in the fair Brigantian towers
 To Ellen, then no longer coy,
 Thy partner of imperial joy,
 And Cambria's maids, for beauty sung,
 The harp of Cambria shall be strung.
 Bend, lion heart, thy shining bow,
 And fire the castles of the foe.—
 See, thy steed's exulting prance,
 Lift aloft thy lightning lance,
 Pierce the squadrons, break the bands,
 And with thy red victorious hands
 Tear the trappings, strip the car,
 And all the ornaments of war,
 The banners won with bleeding toils,
 And deck thy palace with the spoils.
 Enraptured bards with cheerful songs
 Shall hail thee in a hundred tongues ;
 And when the lord of Arvon's shore
 Is hail'd with songs and harps no more—
 Know, prince of Cambria, in the grave
 Golden slumbers wait the brave ;
 When time's great period shall arrive
 As bards the lore of druids give,
 And yawning elements unfold
 The hoary depths of ocean old,
 They from the wreck of worlds shall rise
 Serene, and dwell among the skies."

The caves of Arvon o'er the main
 Answer'd the inspiring strain.
 With great delight and scorn of fate
 The lord of Mona list'ning sat :

In each new strain new rapture came,
 And kindled high the struggling flame ;
 To grasp his weapon's hilt he tried,
 But swordless was the hero's side ;
 Then had he rush'd to seek the foe,
 But list ! he hears a sound of woe.

“ Stay, generous chief, Llewelyn, stay !
 Thy Grono wakes the plaintive lay ;
 God too hath pour'd upon my tongue
 The deep and wondrous gift of song.
 Ah ! think, the wounds thou dealest, all
 On Ellen's captive charms must fall.
 If thou revenge, shall Ellen live ?
 Or Edward thy success forgive ?
 Bright as the bursting wave was she
 Who cross'd the bursting wave for thee.
 Fair flower of France, a captive's doom,
 Is hers, to blight her virgin bloom.
 From rich Montargis' holy walls
 She comes—for her Llewelyn calls—
 Loud the storm, and rough the wave,
 Thee she implores, thy love to save.
 Ah cruel were the bleak winds shrill,
 But still more cruel Edward's will,
 But thou, of all, most cruel far,
 If ruthless, thou resolve on war :
 For in the hour thy armies rise,
 Prince ! in that hour thy Ellen dies.”

When in Llewelyn's wounded ear
 All woful thrill'd a name so dear,
 Ah, then arose the sudden sigh,
 The tear stood trembling in his eye ;
 Grono waked with softest art
 The deep affections of his heart.

“ Oh bards !” the tortur'd chief returns,
 “ My breast with varying passion burns,

Fond hope the ties of duty rends,
 The lover with the prince contends,
 For ah, my Ellen! sweetest maid
 That ever was by truth betray'd,
 Ah, from thy lover, absent long
 Thy loss is like the funeral song.
 Poet of the mournful strain,
 Touch the trembling lyre again.

THE FAIRY BOY AND THE MANTLE.

Anonymous.

THE Rev. Evan Evans, editor of the *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, affirmed that the story of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of Tegan Earbron, one of king Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest, or incontinent woman; this, which the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain, is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh bards. Warton imagines the tale to be taken from an old French piece, intitled, *Le court Mantel*. "But," adds Bishop Percy, (from whose *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* this tale is copied,) "after all, it is most likely that all the old stories concerning king Arthur are originally British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind, were at first exported from this island." The worthy Prelate's conjecture respecting the British origin of this tale, as well as Mr. Evans's just remark, seems to receive confirmation from what is strangely overlooked by both—the name of the hero of the story, Cradocke, Anglofied from Caradoc, decidedly a Welsh proper name.

EDITOR.

IN Caerleon* dwelt king Arthur,
 A prince of passing might;

In Bishop Percy's work, Carleile is written; but as he observes, Caerleon, an ancient British city, on the river Uske, in Wiltshire, was one of the places of Arthur's chief residence, a

' And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his christmas
With mirth and princely cheere,
When lo! a strange and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches,
Full daintilie bedone.

He had a sarke of silk too,
About his middle meet;
And thus with seemly curtesy,
He did king Arthur greet.

" God speed thee, brave king Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre;
And Gwenever thy goodlie queen,
That fair and peerlesse flowre.

" Ye gallant lords and lordings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose,
Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle,
Of wondrous shape and hue.

" Now have thou here king Arthur,
Now have thou this of mee,
And give unto thy comely queen,
All-shapen as you see.

Welshman may feel justified on the score of historical propriety, restoring "Caerleon", although the northern author of this ballad may have written "Carleile."

*“ No wife it shall become e’er,
That once hath been to blame ;”*
Then ev’ry knight in Arthur’s court
Glanced slyly at his dame.

And first came lady Gwenever,
The mantle she must trye ;
This dame she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And with it all was cladde,
From top to toe it shiver’d down,
As though with shears beshradde.*

One while it was too long far,
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders too
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue :
“ Beshrew me,” quoth king Arthur, “ wife !
I think thou be’est not true.”

Then down she threw the mantle,
No longer would she stay ;
But storming like a fury wild,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver
That had the mantle wrought ;
And doubly curst the froward imp
That here the mantle brought.

“ I’d rather live in desarts,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Than here, base king ! among thy grooms,
The sport of them and thee.”

* Cut into shreds.

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
 And bade her to come near :
 " Yet dame, if thou be guilty, mark,
 I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly giggling,
 With forward step came on,
 And boldly to the little boy
 With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle.
 With purpose for to wear;
 It shrunk up to her shoulder high,
 And left her nearly bare.

Then king, and ev'ry gay knight
 That was in Arthur's court
 Gibed, and laugh'd, and flouted much,
 To see that pleasant sport.

Soon down she threw the mantle,
 No longer bold or gay,
 But with a face all pale and wan,
 To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth there came an old knight,
 A pattering o'er his creed:
 And proffered to the little boy
 Five nobles to his meed:

" And all the time of christmass
 Plumb-porridge shall be thine
 If thou wilt let my lady fair
 Within the mantle shine."

A saint this lady seemed,
 With step demure and slow,
 And gravely to the mantle she
 With mincing step doth goe.

When she the same had taken
 That was so fine and thin,
 It shrivell'd all about her, sooth,
 And shew'd her dainty skin.

Ah little did *her* mincing,
 And his long prayers bestead,
 She had no more hung on her, then,
 Than a tassal and a thread.

Ah ! down she threw the mantle,
 With terror and dismay ;
 And with a face of scarlet deep,
 To her chamber hied away.

Sir Caradoc call'd his lady,
 And bade her to come neare :
 " Come, lady, win this mantle, love,
 And do me credit here.

" Come win this mantle, lady,
 For now it shall be thine,
 If thou hast never done amiss
 Since first I made thee mine."

The lady, gently blushing,
 With modest grace came on,
 And now to try the wondrous charm,
 Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
 And put it on her backe,
 About the hem it seem'd full soon
 To wrinkle and to cracke.

" Lye still," she cried, oh mantle !
 And shame me not for nought,
 I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
 Or blameful I have wrought.

“ Once kiss’d I Sir Caradoc
 Beneath the greenwood tree ;
 Yes, once I kiss’d Caradoc’s mouth
 Before he married mee.”

When thus she had her shaven,
 And her worst fault had told, .
 The mantle strait became her then,
 Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
 Like gold it glitt’ring shone :
 And much the knights of Arthur’s court
 Admired her ev’ry one.

And they made acclamation,
 With these words rent the air,
 “ Hail Sir Caradoc’s lady bright,
 The lovely, chaste, and fair !”

Then towards king Arthur’s table,
 The boy he turn’d his eye,
 Where stood a boar’s head garnished,
 With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o’er the boar’s head
 His little wand had drawne,
 Quoth he, “ *There’s ne’er a cuckold’s knife
 Can carve this head of brawne.*”

Then some their whittles sharpen’d,
 On whetstone, and on hone,
 Some threw them under the table, quick,
 And swore that they had none.

Caradoc had a small knife,
 Of steel and iron made,
 And in an instant through the skull
 He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade in,
 Right easily and fast,
 And ev'ry knight in Arthur's court
 Full plenty had to taste.

The knights made acclamation,
 With these words rent the air,
 "Caradoc and his lady hail,
 The doubly chaste and fair!"

• The boy brought forth a horn, then,
 All golden was the rim :
 Saith he, "*No cuckold ever can
 Set mouth unto the brim.*"

"*No cuckold can this little horn
 Lift fairly to his head,
 But he on this or that side will
 Full quick his liquor shed.*"

Some shed it on their shoulder,
 Some shed it on their thigh ;
 And he that could not hit his mouth,
 Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold
 Was known to ev'ry man,
 Sir Caradoc lifted easily,
 And won the golden can.

Now loud the acclamation,
 And these words rent the air,
 "Caradoc and his lady hail !
 The trebly chaste and fair."

Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle,
 Were this fair couple's meed :
 And all such constant lovers hail !
 God send them well to speed.

CARADOC AND SENENA.

From Southey's Madoc.

It was the evening gale,
 Which passing o'er the harp of Caradoc,
 Swept all its chords at once, and blended
 Their music into one continuous flow.
 The solitary bard, beside his harp
 Leant underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs,
 With broken shade that shifted to the breeze,
 Played on the waving waters. Overhead
 There was a leafy murmur, at his foot
 The lake's perpetual ripple, and from far,
 Borne on the modulating gale, was heard
 The roaring of the mountain cataract—
 A blind man would have loved the lovely spot,
 Here was Senena by her lady led,
 Trembling, yet not reluctant. They drew nigh,
 Their steps unheard upon the elastic moss
 Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch,
 Ran o'er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound
 He rose—Hath then thy hand, quoth she, Oh bard,
 Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be
 Thine harper?—come! one strain for Britain's sake;
 And let the theme be woman!—he replied,
 But if the strain offend, oh lady fair,
 Blame thou the theme, not me!—then to the harp
 He sung,—“Three things a wise man will not trust,
 The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
 And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
 The weathercock upon the steeple point
 Steady from morn till eve, and I have seen
 The bees go forth upon an April morn,

ecure the sunshine will not end in showers ;
 ut when was woman true ?”

“ False bard !” thereat
 ith smile of playful anger she exclaim’d,
 False bard ! and slanderous song ! were such thy
 thoughts

f woman, when thy youthful lays were heard
 Heilyn’s hall ?”—but at that name, his heart
 eap’d, and his cheek with sudden flush was fired.
 In Heilyn’s hall,” quoth he, “ I learn’d the song
 here was a maid who dwelt among the hills
 f Arvon, and to one of humbler birth
 ad pledged her troth ; not rashly nor begu’d,—
 hey had been playmates in their infancy,
 nd she in all his thoughts had borne a part,
 nd all his joys. The moon and all the stars
 itness’d their mutual vows ; and for her sake
 he song was framed ; for in the face of day
 he broke them.”—“ But her name ?” Goervyl cried.
 quoth he, “ The poet loved her still too well,
 o couple it with shame.”

“ Oh fate unjust
 f womankind !” she cried ; “ our virtues bloom,
 like violets, in shade and solitude,
 hile evil eyes hunt all our failings out,
 or evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest,
 nd song of obloquy ?—I knew a maid,
 nd she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too
 oved one of lowly birth, who ill repaid
 er spotless faith ; for he to ill reports,
 nd tales of falsehood cunningly devised,
 ent a light ear, and to his rival left
 he loathing maid. The wedding day arrived,
 he harpers and the gleemen far and near,
 ame to the wedding-feast ; the wedding guests
 Vere come, the altar dress’d, the bridemaids met ;
 he father, and the bridegroom, and the priest,

Wait for the bride. But she the while did doff
 Her bridal robes, and clipt her golden locks,
 And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild
 To seek her own true love ; and over sea,
 Forsaking all for him, she followed him,
 Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair :
 And at his side she stood, and heard him wrong
 Her faith with slanderous tales ; and his dull eye,
 As it had learnt his heart's forgetfulness,
 Knows not the trembling one, who even now
 Yearns to forgive him all !"

He turn'd, he knew
 The blue-eyed maid, who fell upon his breast.

ARTHUR AND PENDRAGON.

By John Grabb, M. A.

THE following lines from two stanzas of a burlesque poem, in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, entitled, "St. George for England;" in which every hero that could be thought of, is introduced and travestied, so as to become a foil to the fabulous champion of England. It is a very diverting ballad poem, written for an anniversary feast held on St. George's day, by a club of Oxford gentlemen, all of whom were of the name of George. Out of the whole, the following lines are the only ones that could bear a relative connexion with this work.

EDITOR.

The story of King Arthur old
 Is very memorable,
 The number of his valiant knights,
 And roundness of his table :
 The knights around his table in
 A circle state, d'ye see,
 And altogether made up one
 Large hoop of chivalry.

He had a sword both broad and sharp,
 Ycleped Caliburn,
 Would cut a flint more easily
 Than penknife cuts a corn ; !
 As caseknife does a capon carve,
 So would it carve a rock,
 And split a man at single slash,
 From noddle down to nock.
 As Roman Augur's steel of yore
 Dissected Tarquin's riddle,
 So this would cut both conjurer
 And whetstone through the middle.
 He was the cream of Brecknockshire,*
 And flower of all the Welsh ;
 But George he did the dragon fell,
 And gave him a plaguy squelsh.
 t. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France,
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Pendragon like his father Jove,
 Was fed with milk of goat ;
 And like him made a noble shield
 Of she-goat's shaggy coat :
 On top of burnish'd helmet he
 Did wear a crest of leeks,
 And onions' heads whose dreadful nod
 Drew tears from hostile cheeks.
 Itch and Welsh blood did make him hot,
 And very prone to ire ;
 H' was tinged with brimstone like a match
 And would as soon take fire.

* * * *

The Briton never tergiversed,
 But was for adverse drubbing,

* News for the Breconians !

And never turn'd his back to aught,
 Except a post for scrubbing.*
 His sword would serve for battle, or,
 For dinner if you please ;
 When it had slain a Cheshire man
 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.
 He wounded, and in their own blood
 Did anabaptize Pagans :
 But George he made the dragon an
 Example to all dragons.
 St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France,
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

THE WAKENING OF CAMBRIA.

By Mrs. Hemans.

*Inscribed to the Cymmrodorion Society, on her admission
as an honorary member of the Institution.*

IT is a glorious hour to him
 Who stands on Snowdon's monarch brow,
 When twilight's lingering star grows dim,
 And mists with morn's resplendence glow ;
 And, rolling swift before the breeze,
 Unveil to his enraptured eye,
 Girt with green isles, and sparkling seas,
 All Cambria's mountain majesty !

* This facetious author, in the boundlessness of his courtesy toward Wales and Welshmen, seems to have given us here, somewhat beyond our claim, or the sanction of history: the Harp and the Crwth were the boasts of our ancestors, but Mr. Grubb, (Phœbus, what name !) kind, generous man ! to favour our predilection for triads, suppose, has assigned to us a third—the *Scotch Fiddle*.

EDITOR.

But there hath been a mightier hour !
 'Twas when her voice from silence broke,
 And, as an eagle in its power,
 The spirit of the Land awoke !

From the far depths of ages gone,
 From the low chambers of the dead,
 It woke ! and brightly moving on,
 A sunbeam o'er the mountains spread.

And there were sounds, where'er it pass'd,
 O'er Druid rock, and fairy dell,
 Of Song upon the rushing blast,
 Of Minstrelsy's triumphant swell !

While as Eryri's torrent-waves
 With joyous music hail'd its way,
 Ten thousand echoes from their caves
 Burst, to prolong th' exulting lay.

But thou, Oh Harp ! to whose deep tone
 Was given a power, in elder time,
 A might, a magic, all thine own,
 The burning soul of Cambria's clime ;

Thou, hallow'd thus by Freedom's breath,
 To guard her fastnesses on high,
 With sounds, inspiring scorn of death,
 Instinct with immortality :

Thou to the winds, at that proud call,
 Didst pour thine old, majestic strains,
 As when they fired, in bower and hall,
 The hearts that were not born for chains.

And deeply yet that music thrills !
 Yet lives there, in each pealing close,
 Some memory of th' eternal hills,
 With their pure streams and radiant snows !

The hills, where Freedom's shrine of old
 High midst the storm'd dominion stood ;

The streams, which, proudly as they roll'd,
Bore to the Deep heroic blood ;

The snows, in their unstain'd array,
Bright o'er each eagle summit spread ;
Oh! who shall view their haunts, and say,
That inspiration thence hath fled ?

It is not thus !—each mountain's brow
Bears record of undying names !
How shall your sons forget to glow,
Ye mighty ! with your quenchless flames ?

It is not thus !—in every glen
The soil with noble dust is blent !
Of fearless and of gifted men
The land is one high monument !

And think ye not, her hills among,
That still their spirit brightly dwells ?
Be thou immortal, soul of Song !
By Deva's waves, in Snowdon's dells !

Yes ! midst those haunts, in days gone by,
The deep winds swell'd with prophet-lore ;
Scenes mantled with sublimity,
Still are ye sacred, as of yore !

MADOC'S REVENGE.

A Historical Tale.

By S. R. Jackson.

His father came with ruthless hand,
And robb'd me of my home,
And drove me from my native land
In foreign climes to roam.

He laid my stately forests low,
 He slew my fallow deer ;
 And thus it is, with brand and bow,
 Sir knight you see me here.

I come in darkness, as he came,
 To ravage in my turn ;
 And e'er I go, the blood-red flame
 Yon lordly tower shall burn.

DARK the clouds of evening lower
 Round Caereinion's lonely tower,
 Shading its embattled wall
 With a deep and gloomy pall ;
 Who that saw that gloom could tell
 Fire within it soon would dwell ?

From the mountain's solitude,
 Madoc comes in vengeful mood :
 Hate and Envy drive him forth,
 Deadly foes to human worth.
 He from em'rald Erin's strand
 Late had sought his native land ;
 Driven thence by Bleddyn's son :
 Thus the fatal feud begun,
 Which, to death's embraces gave
 Powis' chieftain, Iorwerth brave.

With him, breathing slaughter, comes
 He, whose heart its pride benumbs,
 Llywarch, sternest he of men,
 Like the wolf from bloody den.
 Vainly may the lost one call
 For mercy, who his prey doth fall ;
 Vainly for compassion sue,
 That his bosom never knew ;
 Like the adder Llywarch grew,
 A lonely and vindictive thing,
 Ever prone his foes to sting.

High that night the song arose
 On the ear of Iorwerth's foes ;
 Who in silent ambuscade
 Wait till eve's last gleam shall fade,
 Till the night, with deeper frown,
 Darkly o'er the earth came down,
 And the lofty strain of pride
 On the quiv'ring string hath died.

Pacing there with hasty foot,
 In his purpose resolute,
 With beating heart and anxious eye,
 Full of dreadful scrutiny,
 Madoc eyes the torch-light fall,
 Fainter from the banquet hall,
 On the silver stream beneath ;
 Till silent all, and dark as death,
 Night's broad veil was o'er them thrown,
 And his prey to rest had gone.

'Tis stillness!—down the mountain side
 Slow the star of night hath died ;
 From their ambuscade they creep,
 Winding up the rocky steep.
 The wall is gain'd ! they breathe, they pause,
 They listen :—what can be the cause ?
 The warder's challenge meets their ear,
 And his bugle, loud and clear,
 Echoing on the midnight air,
 Holds them in suspension there.—
 This is not a time to choose
 If to win, or if to lose :
 Swift they ply the axe and brand,
 Firm of heart and strong of hand.
 Words of fierce intent they breathe,
 And the falchion, from the sheath
 Issuing, glitters brightly : now
 Darker lowers stern Llywarch's brow.
 From the nearest standing there,
 Of those who bow and falchion bear,

Swift he takes the stubborn yew,
 To the head the shaft he drew,
 Like a statue from the wall
 Down they hear the warder fall.
 And the gates, he ne'er shall close,
 Shatter'd by a thousand blows.

But where are those who dwell within,—
 Hear they not the mighty din?
 See they not the bubbling blood
 Pour on earth its purple flood?
 Not unheeding tarry those
 At the summons of their foes:
 Bleddyn's son his father's sword
 Takes from off the banquet board;
 At his bugle's thrilling sound
 His retainers gather round:
 'Mid the foe their weapons fly
 Like the drift from winter's sky.
 Back the brother foes retire,
 Like two wolves in baffled ire.
 "Hitther bring," stern Madoc cries,
 Fury flashing from his eyes,
 "Yon blazing torch;—perchance its flame
 The reptile in his den may tame.
 Hither, slaves! advance and scare
 Yon grinning monster from his lair."

Loudly, from the inner wall,
 Iorwerth heard his foeman call:
 High the spreading flame ascends,
 Firm he stands amidst his friends.
 Fierce they combat, wound for wound,
 Slow the flame approaches round.
 So the serpent we behold
 Winding round his prey its fold,
 Ere its head to sting is rais'd;
 Sternly on it Iorwerth gazed,
 As he felt its growing heat;
 Must he from his post retreat?

THE
CAMBRIAN WREATH;

Poems, Historical, Legendary, and Humorous.

THE INUNDATION OF CANTREV Y GWAELOD.

From the Welsh of Gwyddno Garanhir.

By Anthony Todd Thomson, Esq.

GWYDDNO GARANHIR was a prince and bard of the sixth century ; his domain was called *Cantrev y Gwaelod*, "the Lowland Hundred," a fine champaign district, said to extend from Harlech in North Wales, to St. David's head, in South Wales, and; according to the Welsh historical Triads, to have filled the space now occupied by the "tempestuous bay of Cardigan," having in it sixteen fortified towns, surpassing all in Wales except Caerlleon on Uske. A couplet from an ancient Welsh bard has become an adage in Cardiganshire, when any great tribulation takes place, the sufferer's pain is compared to

*Ochenaid Gwyddno Garanhir,
Pan droes y don dros ei dir.*

"The sigh of Gwyddno Garanhir,
When o'er his land rush'd waves severe."

COME forth, Seithenyn! and behold,—
Waste is the land of heroes bold :
Lo ! bursting o'er his wonted shores,
On Gwyddno's plains wild Ocean roars.

Accursed, Awrfin, ever be,
 Who, after wine, let in the sea !
 Let deep Gwenestr's raging flood,
 O'erwhelm the plains where Gwyddno stood.

Accursed Mactaith, whose fatal spleen
 When hush'd the battle's changing din,
 Loosed deep Gwenestr's gloomy wave
 O'er Gwyddno's fertile plains to rave.

Hark ! from the brow of hoary Caer,
 Mererid's wailings fill the air !
 Or soon, or late, Fate's vengeful blow
 Still lays the proud oppressor low.

From Caer's high brow, smit by despair,
 Mererid lifts his voice in prayer ;
 Check'd is oppression's towering pride,
 That whilom heaven itself defied.

From Gwinau comes Mererid's moan,
 The chair of Cedawl is overthrown ;
 Where joyous plenty ruled the scene,
 Gaunt, griping penury is seen.

Mererid's groans oppress my soul,
 Mirth, beauty, or the sparkling bowl,
 Can to me nought of joy bestow,
 God lays the proud destroyer low.

Dismal this night Mererid's cry
 Compels me from my couch to fly ;
 Check'd is oppression's haughty stride,
 Destruction overwhelms his pride.

ELPHIN'S CONSOLATION.

From the Welsh of Taliesin.

PENNANT, who introduces this poem in his "Tour," says:—The history of our famous bard (Taliesin) begins like that of Moses. He was found, exposed on the water, wrapped in a leathern bag, in a fishing wear which had been granted to Elphin, son of Hyddno Garanhir, a petty prince of Cantrev y Gwaelod for support. The young prince, reduced by his extravagance, burst into tears at finding, as he imagined, so unprofitable booty. He took pity on the infant, and caused proper care to be taken of him. After this Elphin prospered; and Taliesin, when he grew up, addressed to him the following moral ode. I take the liberty of using the beautiful translation, which a countrywoman of mine has lately favored the world."

1.

ELPHIN ! fair as roscate morn,
 Cease, O lovely youth ! to mourn ;
 Mortals never should presume
 To dispute their Maker's doom.
 Feeble race, too blind to scan
 What the Almighty deigns for man ;
 Humble hope be still thy guide,
 Steady faith thy only pride ;
 Then despair will fade away,
 Like demons at the approach of day.
 Cunllo's prayers acceptance gain,
 Goodness never sues in vain :
 He who form'd the sky is just,
 In him alone, O Elphin ! trust.
 See ! glist'ning spoils in shoals appear,
 Fate smiles this hour on Gwyddao's wear.

II.

ELPHIN fair ! the clouds dispel
 That on thy lovely visage dwell !
 Wipe, ah wipe, the pearly tear,
 Nor let thy manly bosom fear :
 What good can melancholy give ?
 'Tis bondage in her train to live.
 Pungent sorrows doubts proclaim,
 Ill suit those doubts a Christian's name.
 Thy great Creator's wonders trace
 His love divine to mortal race ;
 Then doubt, and fear, and pain will fly,
 And hope beam radiant in thine eye.
 Behold me, least of human kind,
 Yet heaven illumines my soaring mind.
 Lo ! from the yawning deep I came,
 Friend to thy lineage and thy fame,
 To point thee out the paths of truth,
 To guard from hidden rocks thy youth ;
 From seas, from mountains, far and wide,
 God will the good and virtuous guide.

III.

ELPHIN fair, with virtue blest,
 Let not that virtue idly rest ;
 If roused, 'twill yield thee sure relief,
 And banish far unmanly grief ;
 Think on that Power, whose arm can save,
 Who e'en can snatch thee from the grave :
 He bade my harp for thee be strung,
 Prophetic lays he taught my tongue.
 Though like a slender reed I grow,
 Toss'd by the billows to and fro,
 But still by Him inspired, my song
 The weak can raise, confound the strong :

Am not I better, Elphin, say,
Than thousands of the scaly prey ?*

IV.

ELPHIN ! fair as roseate morn,
Cease, O lovely youth, to mourn.
Weak on my leathern couch I lie,
Yet heav'nly lore I can descry ;
Gifts divine my tongue inspire,
My bosom glows celestial fire :
Mark ! how it mounts ! my lips disclose
The certain fate of Elphin's foes.
Fix thy hopes on Him alone,
Who is th' eternal Three in One ;
There thy ardent vows be given,
Prayer acceptance meets from heaven ;
Then thou shalt adverse fate defy,
And, Elphin, glorious live and die.

THE HALLS OF CYND DYLAN.

From the Welsh of Llywarch Hên.

the Rev. John Walters, Master of Ruthin School, late Fellow of
Jesus College, Oxford.

IN the original, this is a long and very pathetic elegy. Llywarch Hên, or Llywarch the aged, was one of those who signalized themselves in an age remarkable, in the history of Britain, for terrible war and devastation. He was the contemporary of king Arthur, and reigned over the Britons of Cumberland; a brave prince, and an eminent bard, of the sixth century. Even from his dominions, he outlived all his sons, friends, and

* In the original, Salmons.

protectors; and being reduced to extreme misery, he retired to a solitary hut at Abercawwg, in Montgomeryshire, from whence he removed to Llanvor, near Bala, where there is still a second place called *Pabell Llywarch Hên*, or the cot of old Llywarch. It is supposed he died there about the year 646, at the age of 100 years, and was buried in the church of Llanvor.*

COME forth and see, ye Cambrian dames,
 Fair Pengwern's† royal roofs in flames!
 The foe the fatal dart hath flung,
 (The foe that speaks a barbarous tongue)
 And pierced Cynddylan's princely head,
 And stretch'd your champion with the dead.
 His heart, which late with martial fire,
 Bade his loved country's foes expire,
 (Such fire as wastes the forest hill)
 Now like the winter's ice is chill.

O'er the pale corse, with boding cries
 Sad Argoed's‡ cruel eagle flies;
 He flies, exulting, o'er the plain,
 And scents the blood of heroes slain.
 Dire bird, this night my frightened ear
 Thy loud, ill-omen'd voice shall hear:
 I know thy cry, that screams for food,
 And thirsts to drink Cynddylan's blood.

* Dr. William Owen Pughe, in his account of this venerable prince, says:—"It may be inferred that Llywarch composed many of the pieces now extant, after his retreat into Wales, to soothe a mind borne down with calamities, and the infirmities of an uncommon old age. Cold must be that breast, that can be unmoved by pursuing his artless complaint, that death lingered, after he had been bereft of four-and-twenty sons, wearing the golden chain, high-prized badge of honor of a British warrior." He is honorably recorded in the Triads, and among other distinctions ranked as one of "the three disinterested princes of the isle of Britain."

† Pengwern, (the brow of Alders) the Welsh name of Shrewsbury, then the chief residence of the princes of Powys.

‡ The ancient name of Powys.

No more the mansion of delight,
 Cynddylan's hall is dark to-night;
 No more the midnight hour prolongs
 With fires, and lamps, and festive songs.
 Its trembling bards afflicted shun
 The hall bereaved of Cyndrwyn's son,
 Its joyous visitants are fled;
 Its hospitable fires are dead:
 No longer, ranged on either hand
 Its dormitory, couches stand:
 But all above, around, below,
 Dread sights, dire sounds, and shrieks of woe.

Awhile I'll weep Cynddylan slain,
 And pour the weak desponding strain;
 Awhile I'll sooth my troubled breast,
 Then, in eternal silence rest.

THE HEROES OF THE GODODIN.

from a new version, (unpublished,) of Aneurin's Gododin.

By T. J. Llewelyn Prichard.

ANEURIN was a Briton of Manau-Gododin, a country which bordered the sea coast of Northumberland, and extended as far as east Lothian. Thirteen hundred years have nearly rolled away since he tuned his country's lyre, and sung the famed Gododin. There are several hints given in the poem to prove that Cattraeth was a British town, and apparently one of consequence; and Mr. Skene is of opinion that it stood in the district of the Ottadini, and the term Gododin, derived thence, was given to the poem in consequence of the battle having been fought there. The Gododin relates, what is very strange, the defeat of the bard's country by the Saxons, from having too confidently rushed into the field of battle while in a state of intoxication. It consists, with very great detail, of elegies in lyric and heroic measures, on the deaths of various chieftains that perished in that disastrous action. Mr.

Sharon Turner in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, and Mr. Probert in an introduction to his literal translation of the *Gododin*, have very ably proved the genuineness of this ancient bard's poems.

THE SON OF MARCO.

Of years though brief, the youthful chief
 Was nerved and arm'd for manly deed ;
 And for the field, his broad light shield
 Hung on his slender, thick-maned steed ;
 Oh ! he was graceful to behold,
 With bright blue sword, and spurs of gold,
 A princely, gay, and ermin'd garb,
 An ashen spear with point and barb.

'Tis not for me to envy thee,
 A kinder, nobler part be mine !
 To sing thy praise—(for brief thy days)
 Soon closed that bright career of thine :
 Ah sooner comes thy bloody bier,
 Than nuptial day or festal cheer ;
 On thee, on thee, shall ravens feed,
 Ere thou achieve the hero's deed—
 Brave Owen's dear and gallant friend !
 The fierce prey-birds thy steed shall rend ;
 His bones alone remain to tell
 What spot the son of Marco fell.

CAEOG.

* * * *

Caeog, foremost in the battle's van,
 Of wolf-like aspect, a terrific man,
 Though majesty adorn'd the hero's mind,
 And amber wreaths around his brows were twined
 That costly amber, and the feast of wine,
 To him were fatal : he abhorr'd to shine
 The foe of noteless, or of feeble men ;
 Their wrath he treated with subdued disdain,

When once from Gwyneth to the north* he came
 To share the counsel of a youth of name—
 Ysgaron's son, his fellow in the field,
 A hapless hero of imperfect shield.

Caeog—mighty one ! thy day is o'er,
 So long the hero, midst the flowing gore :—
 Thy skill a path before the army made,
 Five bands of yeomen fell beneath thy blade ;
 Of Deira and Bernicia's chiefs of fame
 Two thousand in one hour fell with shame.

Great hapless chieftain ! sooner will there be
 A feast for wolves, than nuptial feast for thee,—
 Ere yet the altar, after battle's storm,
 Thou seek'st, in piety, thy manly form—
 Thy mangled corse upon the bloody bier
 Voracious ravens as their prey shall tear.
 Such, such the penalty for lack of heed
 And wild indulgence in the madd'ning mead :
 But thou shalt live—among the brave enroll'd—
 Shalt greatly live, lamented, and extoll'd !
 While breathes a minstrel of melodious art,
 Oh thou shalt live, loved hero of the heart.

* * * * *

THE MARCH TO GODODIN.

to Gododin march'd the mighty force,
 at moved a laughing and tumultuous course ;
 fore them suddenly dart down the foes,
 rose awful war-cry as they charged them rose :—
 ey slew with sword-blades in the grasp of strength,
 d all is voiceless as the grave, at length—
 e living column of heroic men,
 w like the cold clod of the mountain glen.
 to Cattracth march'd the warriors—each
 s loud, vociferous, and free of speech,

* From North Wales to the North of England.

Mere mad-cap revellers, unwisely gay,
 More like than heroes, and a nation's stay.
 Pale mead, their bev'rage in the field and hall,
 Became the bane-draught, and the death to all.

On to Cattræth march'd the warriors forth,
 Some idly vaunting in their fatal mirth,
 Some singing strains hilarious as they laugh'd,
 Wild victims of the vile distemper'd draught;
 The potent bragget wrought them woe and shame,
 The crime—its chastisement,—quick following came—
 But firmly obstinate the war-dogs fought,
 And with their red blades horrid havoc wrought.
 Tribe of Bernicia! were ye judged by me,
 Oh not a man had been alive of ye!
 No, by the flood! for while I mark'd your hordes,
 The friend I loved was butcher'd by your swords,
 In cruel, wanton, and unmanly wise,
 When he had better been your captived prize:
 No valiant man amid the battle's shock
 Surpass'd young Gion of wild Gwyngwn's rock.

• • • • • •

GWRVOLING.

From his eastern throne the bright sun shone
 And glow'd on Britain's glorious isle,
 And there reveal'd the warrior steel'd,
 A chieftain's gallant style:
 In Eiddin's hall, more loud than all,
 He call'd for wine and gustful mead,
 And in the field (thrown by, his shield)
 He rush'd, the host to lead.
 For freedom, rough and terrible,
 He sprang forth like a savage bull,
 And dared to combat—('twas his wont,)—
 And stood the conflict's direst brunt;—
 Bright among the battle's gleams
 The glowing wing of war he seems;

To shelter him in peril's hour,
 Bright shields arose, and arms of power :
 The chief, though terrible, was rash,
 His shield was shatter'd with a crash,
 When snared amid a host of foes,
 No friends saw when his signals rose.
 Ah ! closed the scene—his grave of green
 Beneath the tumulus is laid—
 The man of might in hall or fight,
 Gwrvoling's speed is stay'd.

* * * * *

BUDDVAN.

While chiefs with the glow of resentment were blushing,
 Mid death-shrieks of women, and dreadful blood-gushing;
 The brave son of Howgi was there in his pride,
 And the son of Ysperi the boldest defied ;
 While Buddvan ab Bleiddvan a strong fortress stood,
 Exulting, and fearless 'mid horror and blood.

With shield on his shoulder, the hero he shone,
 In swiftness but second to Prwydau alone ;
 His dread front was painted, terrific his form,
 In battle tumultuous—the soul of a storm ;—
 Gloomy and deadly the gleam of his spear,
 He moved as a fire—exciting wild fear.

'Twas well for the ravens that Buddvan was brave,
 A feast on his foes to the ravens he gave ;
 Yet, ere by the sons of the gen'rous forsook,
 Mild were his manners, and lovely his look—
 Soft as the dew of Eryri his course,
 Or full stately stream, void of fierceness of force.

Oh the bards will applaud the bright deeds of the brave ;
 On the high tide of battle he rush'd like a wave ;
 A dreadful destroyer, 'mid clashing of spears :
 But lo ! from the war-field the chief disappears—

And his was cheerfulness, ingenuous youth !
 The brow of frankness and the breast of truth :—
 Engaging master of the harp and sword,
 Young patriot soldier, and melodious bard !
 Now feats of heroism grace his times,
 Anon the sweetness of his mellow rhymes.—

* * * * *

His buckler, spangled with the glowing gold,
 Was like the sun-gleam'd hoar-frost to behold,
 Yet to his eye more beautiful appears
 The cluster in it of short broken spears.
 The young Caredig ! when his final hour
 Arrives, be his felicity and power
 In that high region of the good, above,
 Th' abode of science, purity, and love.

Should this specimen of the new version of Aneurin's *Gododin* meet the approbation of the public, it will soon be published, and not otherwise.

EDITOR.

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN GWYDDNO AND GWYN AB NUDD.

From the Welsh of Gwyddno Garanhir.

By Anthony Todd Thomson, Esq.

THE five first verses, the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third are very obscure ; and therefore the translation is given as literally as possible. The originals of this, and the other poems of this ancient bard's, are to be found in a Manuscript, in the Hengwrt library, called *Llyvr Du o Gaerfyrddin*, "The Black Book of Caermarthen," the oldest Welsh MS now known. It is a quarto of 54 leaves, and contains poems composed by Merddin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hên, Gwyddno Garanhir, and Elain. This singular MS is universally admitted by good judges to have been written in the

10th century. The former part of it is in a large character, and more ancient than the other; and the latter part is in the handwriting of our great poet Cynddelw, written about the year 1160.

SINCE it is a vain person that is thus adorned with gold,
Near the court of Gwalloc,
I also will appear as one possessing riches.

Be accursed the thicket
That pulled out his eye in his presence,
Gwalloc son of Llênoc the sovereign.

Be there a curse to the black wood,
That pulled out his eye that was black,
Gwalloc son of Llênoc, leader of a host.

Be there a curse to the white wood,
That pulled his eye out of his head,
Gwalloc son of Llênoc the prince.

Be there a curse to the green wood
That pulled out the eye of my youth,
Gwalloc son of Llênoc the honourable.

Fierce bull of war! when host with host,
Is in the battle's tumult lost!
Supreme of those who mighty are!
Whose look of ire no mortal dare!

Yet foremost of the sons of earth
That light the hospitable hearth;
Soul of Hospitality!
Is there refuge here for me?

Persuasive tongue of him whose art
Can rule with words the human heart!
Chief of the brave! who can assuage,
And lull at will thy bosom's rage,

Say if in this distracted hour
For me is refuge in thy power;

Here a suitor I await,
Speak! and let me know my fate.

This boon bestow, and for thy name
I'll weave a song of deathless fame;
That whereso, chief, thou shalt appear,
The shout of praise will glad thy ear.

And I, fresh from the battle's field,
Ere from my arm is dropp'd my shield,
Will join, with feeble voice, the song
That would thy valiant deeds prolong.

I greet thee, gallant youth! and yield;
Warrior whose protecting shield
Guards the weak in troubled hour,
From murder's blow, from rapine's power.

Thy name, thy origin, declare,
Lover of Creirddillad fair,
Daughter of Lludd of hoary brow:
Gwyn, son of Nudd, am I; and thou

Hast oft beheld my round hoof'd steed
Bear me on with frantic speed
Through the battle's tide of blood.—
Gwyn, I know thee brave and good.

Gwyddno Garanbir am I;
Vainly would I shun thine eye:
Though gloomy sadness shades thy brow,
In silence do not leave me now:

For cold and silent is my home,
And press'd with sorrow am I come!—
Gwyn, son of Nudd, of hosts the pride,
To thee what boon can be denied?

Eagle of the rocky shore!
For thee my lips I'll ope once more;

For thee, by whose resistless blow,
A thousand warriors lie low,

Strew'd like broken rushes round,
Prostrate gnaw the gore-stain'd ground;
By my carved ring, with gold
Studded round, I will unfold

To thee the story of my woe,
The source whence all my sorrows flow.
I saw, where hoar Caer Mandwy shrouds
His head among the mantling clouds,

Slaughter stain with blood the snow,
And ravage all the plains below.

Gwyn, son of Nudd, the blessing of armies.
From the toil of thy arm quicker would hosts
Fall down than the broken rushes.

Ystec, my dog, that is well trained,
And he is the best of dogs;
Dormarthedd, that belonged to Maelgwyn.

Dormarthedd with brown nose: if thou didst look
Upon it, then thou wouldest suppose
That he ranged with a serpent's motion.

The place where brave Gwenddolau fell,
Son of Ceido, I can tell:
When loud the boding ravens scream'd
Then his vital current stream'd:

Then, of mighty bards the pride,
Ceido's son, Gwenddolau, died;
Gwerydd's son of mighty fame,
Brân, a host against him came.

When the clamouring raven rose,
The hero sunk, to dread repose;

Those eyes beheld the fatal place,
Where fell the pride of Gwerydd's race.

I know the place where Llachan fell;
Who his valiant deeds can tell?
Arthur's son, renown'd in song,
Oft he burst the conflict's throng.

He heard the raven's boding cry,
And met unaw'd his destiny.
Where Meiric died, Carcian's son,
Of matchless fame, to me is known.

Dark was the raven's wing, that spread,
When Meiric mingled with the dead.
Where Gwalloc fell, I know the place,
Brave issue of a noble race!

Lloegr's ruin, Llênoc's son,
Bloody, bloody, set thy sun:
Where Britain's warriors lie low,
From east to north the spots I know.

Low in the silent grave they sleep,
And I am left to live and weep.

Where Britain's warriors lie low,
From east to south the spots I know,
Mingling with their native earth,
But I am left to mourn their dearth.

THE BATTLE OF GWENYSTRAD.

From the Welsh of Taliesin.

If warlike chiefs with dawning day
At Cattraeth met in dread array,

The song records their splendid name,
 But who shall sing of Urien's fame?
 His patriot virtues far excel
 Whate'er the boldest bard can tell:
 His dreadful arm and dauntless brow
 Spoil and dismay the haughty foe.

Pillar of Britain's regal line!
 'Tis his in glorious arms to shine;
 Despair and death attend his course,
 Brave leader of the Christian force!

See Prydyn's men, a valiant train,
 Rush along Gwenystad's plain!
 Bright their spears, for war address'd,
 Raging vengeance fires their breast;
 Shouts like Ocean's roar arise,
 Tear the air, and pierce the skies.
 Here they urge their tempest force!
 Nor damp nor forest turns their course:
 Their breath the shrieking peasants yield
 O'er all the desolated field.

But lo, the daring hosts engage!
 Dauntless hearts and flaming rage;
 And, ere the direful morn is o'er,
 Mangled limbs and reeking gore,
 And crimson torrents whelm the ground,
 Wild destruction stalking round;
 Fainting warriors gasp for breath,
 Or struggle in the toils of death.

Where th' embattled fortress rose,
 (Gwenystad's bulwark from the foes,)
 Fierce conflicting heroes meet—
 Groans the earth beneath their feet.

I mark, amidst the rolling flood,
 Where hardy warriors stain'd with blood

Drop their blunt arms, and join the dead,
 Grey billows curling o'er their head :
 - Mangled with wounds, and vainly brave,
 At once they sink beneath the wave.

Lull'd to everlasting rest,
 With folded arms and gory breast—
 Cold in death, and ghastly pale,
 Chieftains press the rocky vale,
 Who late, amidst their kindred throng,
 Prepared the feast, and join'd the song ;
 Or like the sudden tempest rose,
 And hurl'd destruction on the foes.

Warriors I saw, who led the fray,
 Stern desolation strew'd their way ;
 Aloft the glittering blade they bore,
 Their garments hung with clotted gore.
 The furious thrust, the clanging shield,
 Confound the long-disputed field.

But, when Reged's chief pursues,
 His way through iron ranks he hews ;
 Hills piled on hills, the strangers bleed ;
 Amazed I view his daring deed !
 Destruction frowning on his brow,
 Close he urged the panting foe,
 Till, hemm'd around, they met the shock,
 Before Galysten's hoary rock.
 Death and torment strew'd his path ;
 His dreadful blade obey'd his wrath :
 Beneath their shields the strangers lay,
 Shrinking from the fatal fray.

Thus, in victorious armour bright,
 Thou, brave Euronwy, pant for fight :
 With such examples in thine eyes,
 Haste to grasp the hero's prize,

And tiil old age has left me dumb—
 Till death has call'd me to the tomb—
 May cheerful joy ne'er crown my days,
 Unless I sing of Urien's praise !

CYNVELYN'S INCANTATION.

From the Welsh of Aneurin.

"CYNVELYN, the son of Calvan, descended from a family in Gwydd, or North Wales, was a chief of the Ottadini. Before he led forth to attack the Angles, who had killed his father, and were making continual encroachments upon his territories, he engaged the bard to sing his *song of protection*. Involving his numbers in that mysterious obscurity which has always been found dispensable in the business of enchantment, the sage prosecutes his task, extols the efficacy of his art, and promises to Cynvelyn certain victory, perfect security, and the destruction of his foes. He insinuates that Calvan fell for want of such a protection, and concludes by reciting the fate of the warriors who fought at Cat-meth, as a warning to Tegvan, the son of Cynvelyn, never to engage the foe without an incantation. In this specimen of the incantations practiced by the ancient Britons, we are furnished with a curious comment upon a passage in Tacitus. The *præces diræ*, which the Druids of Mona, with uplifted hands, invoked upon Suetonius and the Romans, were undoubtedly of the same character.

EDITOR OF THE CAM. REGIS.

WERE I the mystic rhyme to sing,
 Did I but touch the magic string,
 Starting from the teeming ground,
 Dreadful forms would stalk around ;
 As when the hoary wizard's hand
 The circle traced with potent wand.

More ferocious than the haughty boast
 Of Tork,* who guides his Elphin host,
 The fairest hine,† a just reward,
 Should grace Cynvelyn's matchless bard.
 From Cephan's rock, with torrent sweep,
 Bursting o'er the craggy steep,
 I'd speed the warriors, man and horse
 Should drop before their furious course ;
 And straight from Gilva's ambush'd shade,
 The patriot band, with timely aid,
 O'er the bloody plain should chase
 The remnant of the alien race.

See, I ratify the deed !
 'Tis just ! the Angles' host shall bleed.
 Hark ! the ravens claim their prey ;
 Heaps of slain shall mark our way.

Before the man whose infant tongue
 Fate endow'd with mystic song,
 Unlocking dark enchantment's lore,
 Light reveals the secret pow'r
 To act, secure, the daring deed ;
 To snatch the hero's deathless meed ;
 To execute avenging wrath,
 Where bolts and snares bestrew the path ;
 Where hidden cleft the ambush sends,
 Or gold the treacherous wile subtends ;
 And while the foe their loss bewail,
 Safe to regain his native vale :

* Twrch Trwyth, *the Washed Swine*. A celebrated adversary of the Britons, in the sixth century, and a reputed magician. The reproachful name, an allusion to a proverb in the gospel, is applied to a prince, who, having been baptized, returned to heathen practises, or committed acts of brutality unworthy of a Christian.

† The best hine taken from the enemy, after the king had separated his thirds, was the bard's perquisite, by the old British laws, (*Le Wall*. I. 19.)

His glittering goblet cover'd o'er
 With glorious stains of hostile gore,
 And drops of crimson proudly shed
 O'er the mantling, yellow mead.
 That cup Cynvelyn's hand shall hold,
 Gore shall mark the flaming gold.
 His foaming mead shall shew the stain,
 His foe's indignant shame and pain.

Pillar of devouring fire,
 Rise! Cynvelyn, point thy ire;
 Screaming eagles hover near,
 Pamper'd by thy reeking spear:
 Binding fate in brazen chains,
 From thee the bard his treasure gains;
 And powerful shall the spell be found,
 As Morion's form that rocks the ground.

O'er pleasant hills, advancing far,
 In firm array, to wasteful war,
 Awaken'd from the gloomy deep,
 Sprites of hideous might shall sweep
 Beneath each chieftain, unseen steeds
 Rushing to immortal deeds.

Yet must I touch a note of woe;
 Yes, for thy generous sire must flow
 The grateful tear: no more he calls
 The tuneful bard to enchant his halls;
 Meteor of death, o'er Britain's foes,
 In war his ruddy spear arose
 Undaunted, till the fatal day
 When silent in the field he lay.
 But if the glorious Cadvan fell,
 Unguarded by the potent spell,
 Not so Cynvelyn's deathless arm,
 Shielded by the mystic charm;
 And charms as bold as those I sing,
 Ne'er trembled on the vocal string.

Midst hostile chiefs for war address'd,
 Safe they guard Cynvelyn's breast ;
 Secure from wand'ring bolts defend
 Joy's bounteous source, his people's friend.

Dear chief, from hardy Gwynedd sprung,
 Lead thy conq'ring hosts along,
 Grasping firm, with nervous hand,
 Thy pond'rous spear, to guard the land ;
 While Cidyn from her azure towers,
 Inured to arms, thy squadron pours.

Be this Aneurin's worthy theme,
 More precious than the ruddy gem !
 But tinkling soft a dulcet lay
 To some vain prince, profusely gay,
 His flowing cup, his bounding steed,
 My harp disdains the venal deed !
 With oaks majestic, tow'ring fair,
 Let not the creeping furze compare ;
 Soon should its sick'ning honours fade
 Beneath the venerable shade.

In vain should fierce invading foes,
 In vain should Odin's self oppose
 Cynvelyn's arm ; this powerful strain
 Devotes them on Gododin's plain.
 Cynvelyn, graced with ample spoil,
 Returning from the martial toil,
 Gave to his loyal bard to bear,
 Studded with gold, his pond'rous spear ;
 Nor vain the gift, his loyal bard
 Shall strike the harp, a great reward !
 He too shall have his just renown :
 Tegvan, the brave Cynvelyn's son,
 When'er the spoil of distant lands
 He parts, or counts his warlike bands ;
 Endow'd with Calvin's gen'rous fire,
 In fortune like his conq'ring sire,

When hostile wolves imbrued the ground
 With gore, and dealt destruction round,
 Quick, at danger's call, he ran,
 Glittering in the glorious van,
 To guard with unresisted hand
 The safety of his native land.
 On Cattræth's glorious fatal day,
 Four hundred warriors sped their way,*
 From golden cups of flowing mead,
 To trace the path where danger led.
 Their sons revered their deeds, and mourn'd
 Their mighty fall, for none return'd ;
 None but three† of all the throng,
 Themes of the Ottadinian song.
 Cynan and Cattræth's deathless name
 Live to grace the lists of fame.
 But for their bard whom many a wound
 Laid gasping on the bleeding ground,
 Young chiefs an ample ransom told
 In silver, steel, and solid gold ;
 And high they raised the funeral fires,
 With sorrow to their fallen sires,
 Who fought without the mystic power
 To guard them in the dreadful hour.
 Oh, had Cynvelyn's potent strain
 Been chaunted on the crimson plain,
 Still had they graced the festive hall,
 Nor should their country mourn their fall !

The true number of the nobles, or warriors, who went to the
 le of Cattræth was 363. The translator has taken the nearest
 ad number.

The names of the three who survived, as appears from the Godo-
 were Cindihi, Cinric, or Cinon, of Adron in Galloway, and Cynon
 rawd.

NEST, THE DAUGHTER OF HOWEL

From the Welsh of Einion ab Gwalchmai.

By John Walters, B. A.

EINION AB GWALCHMAI flourished about 1240, but we have no historical record respecting Nest, the heroine of the poem.

THE spring returns, the hills are green,
 The forest blooms, the sea serene
 Ebbs with hollow sounding tide,
 But when will Einion's grief subside !
 Chaunt the birds to cheer the plain,
 But Einion breathes a mournful strain;—
 Falling like my feeble lay,
 The wind now gently dies away.—
 By Teivi's deep romantic stream
 With slow steps, sorrowing, I came,
 The praise of dying Nest I sung,
 Her name still trembles on my tongue ;
 With joyless heart and tearful eye
 To tune her sacred dirge I try.

Like fair Elivri's was her fame,
 And thousands have adored her name—
 Low in her last abode is laid
 In silence now, the matchless maid,
 Who sprung from royal ancestry ;
 Keen as the hawk's her dazzling eye.
 In silken robe bright Cadvan's maid,
 On blue Disunni's banks array'd,
 Short time, but loved, and virtuous, liv'd,
 Nor hath my heart her loss survived ;
 My heart, that heard her bards complain,
 And died within me at the strain.

Tyrant death, thou ruthless foe,
 At last thy fatal power I know :
 Ah, generous Nest ! of soul benign,
 How different is my fate from thine !
 I, left to struggle with my woes,
 Thou, peaceful in thy last repose !
 Weary of life, and robb'd of rest,
 I store long sorrow in my breast.
 Thy loved remembrance no'er shall part
 From weeping Einion's faithful heart.
 Still to my view the veil of death
 Is present, and the form beneath
 Those features of unrival'd hue,
 Bright as heaven's ambrosial dew
 New-fall'n on Aran's sky-topt brow,
 Or wild Eryri's cliffs of snow.
 By martyrs', and the virgin's claim,
 By holy Dewi's sainted name,
 By angels of the good and fair,
 Trembling I lift my humble prayer,
 Which to the throne of heaven will fly
 Auspicious, and to thee, Most High !
 That the dear maid, undoom'd to pain,
 Near thy right hand a seat may gain.
 Thou ne'er wilt banish beauteous Nest
 From the bright mansions of the blest.

LLEWELYN AB IORWERTH.

From the Welsh of Llywarch Prydydd y Môch.

By John Walters, B. A.

The original was taken from Llyvr Coch o Hergest, or the Red Book of Hergest, kept in the archives of Jesus College, Oxon.

Llywarch ab Llewelyn, or Llywarch Prydydd y Môch, was one of the most illustrious of the bards of the middle ages. He flourished from 1160 to 1220. Many of his compositions are printed in the Welsh Archæology, and are valuable on account of the historical notices contained in them. No antiquary has hitherto ventured to throw even a conjecture on the meaning of the strange name he adopted—Llywarch Prydydd y Môch—Llywarch, Bard to the Pigs! As his poems are generally addressed to the princes who reigned in his time, may he not have considered himself exclusively their bard, and finding his muse neglected by them, is it not probable that, in a spirit of resentment, he designated himself the bard—not of the princes, but of the Pigs? As Môch also means quick, in that sense probably the bard meant his designation to be Llywarch the quick-witted.

EDITOR.

HE who the glorious sun display'd,
 And the pale moon in light array'd,
 Give me, of poesy inspired,
 To be with Merlin's genius fired,
 And like Aneurin, in the day
 He sung his famed Gododin's lay,
 To celebrate my chiefs and sing
 The praise of Gwyneth's prosp'rous king,
 Whose fame hath o'er the region spread
 Like mountain Breithin's circling shade.
 A hero matchless in his might,
 Who drives the Saxon host to flight ;
 Skilful to rein the foaming steed,
 And urge the chase with flying speed
 (His steed that breasts the roaring flood
 Of ancient Deva, dyed with blood ;)
 A statesman, prudent to assuage
 The unreas'ning crowd's unbridled rage ;
 Gentle in peace, but flaming far
 A dreadful thunderbolt in war.
 His foes impatient to destroy,
 He gives the warlike shout with joy.
 At his approach, can aught avail,
 Of helm, or shield, or twisted mail ?

Or countless host, or vaunted name,
 Abate his boundless thirst of fame ?
 Clogg'd with the slaughter of his sword,
 Green Teivi blush'd, smooth Cledau roar'd.
 At Snowdon's hill, and Conway's flood
 He bathed his blade in Saxon blood :
 Returning thence o'er Menai's stream,
 Red conquest on his sword, he came.—
 His foes are fall'n, or scatter'd wide
 Like leaves upon the mountain side,
 When the hurricane descends,
 And all the sounding forest rends :
 A feast for wolves they fell in fight,
 Torn youthful from the nuptial rite :
 Each snow-white breast, each tressy head,
 The purple streaming gore o'erspread.

Now the sea the corpses laves,
 Floating on their bed of waves ;
 His squadrons, like the prancing steed,
 Victorious trample o'er the dead,
 Point their lances, court the strife,
 And onward rush, profuse of life,
 Where thronging thick with horrid roar,
 The steeds of ocean beat the shore.
 Around, where'er we turn our eyes,
 His riches and his realms arise ;
 Nor fruitless is the poet's strain,
 Nor seeks his large relief in vain.
 Beneath his banners, to his bards
 Llewelyn deals his rich rewards ;
 Like generous Rutherch to bestow,
 Like Howel to defy the foe :
 Oft to his friends his bounty flows,
 Despair the portion of his foes.
 To combat, see ! before his car
 Rush onward, wild, the dogs of war,

Fierce as the wave on Talgarth's shore !
 But when the bleeding strife is o'er,
 Then, as with harps his halls resound,
 He sends the mead in horns around,
 To tuneful bards and warriors bold
 The green-wrought birlas, tipt with gold ;
 Curious art the handle twines,
 Smooth as the glossy wave it shines.

The dawn appear'd, the shout was given
 That to the echoing vault of heaven
 Arose, and rock'd, beneath the ground :
 The foe stood trembling at the sound.
 When on Pimlimon's hoary side
 Young Titan beam'd in orient pride,
 The chief impell'd his rattling car
 Amid the boist'rous waves of war.
 Anxious I saw, with sore dismay,
 The conflict of the doubtful day,
 His shiver'd spear, his batter'd shield,
 His wounds in Emlyn's dreadful field :
 Courage from high his heart inform'd—
 The task of hundreds one perform'd.—
 Then 'mid the valleys rich with grain,
 No valleys then, but hills of slain,
 In the battle's front he stood,
 Cover'd o'er with dust and blood.
 Him, a thousand harps resound,
 As Mochnant's mighty prince renown'd,
 Nor shrinking from the deathful blow,
 Nor vaunting o'er the vanquish'd foe.

MEVANWY VECHAN.

From the Welsh of Howel ab Einion Lygliw.

THIS poem is taken from the collection of the Rev. Evan Evans. The original was found written on parchment in the castle of Dinas Brân, North Wales. Pennant in his Tour says, "In 1390 this castle (Dinas Brân) was inhabited by a celebrated beauty, descended from the house of Tudor Trevor, and whose father probably held the castle under the earls of Arundel. She made a conquest of Ieuel ab Einion Lygliw, a celebrated bard, who composed the following ode, addressed to her, which an ingenious friend was pleased to favor me with in an English dress."

SORROWING I strike the plaintive string;
 Deign, cruel maid, to hear me sing;
 And let my song thy pride controul,
 Divine enchantress of my soul;
 Sure Creirwy's charms must yield to thine,
 And Garwy's* sufferings to mine.
 Far from Mevanwy's marble towers,
 I pass my solitary hours.
 Oh thou that shinest like the sky,
 Behold thy faithful Howel die!
 In golden verse, in flowery lays,
 Sweetly I sang Mevanwy's praise;
 Still the disdainful haughty fair
 Laughs at my pain, and my despair.

* THIS knight and lady seem to have been the same with Sir Gareth and Damoyzell Lynet, celebrated in the 7th book of the Storye of the most worthy kynge Arthur. Sir Gareth loved and was beloved by the fair Lyones, sister to Lynet. Their passion exceeded the bounds of discretion; but Lynet, to save their honours, by enchantment prevents their loves, till they are joined together in holy matrimony.

What though thine eyes as black as sloes,
 Vie with the arches of thy brows;
 Must thy desponding lover die,
 Slain by the glances of thine eye?

Pensive as Trystan,* did I speed
 To Brân, upon a stately steed :
 Fondly I gaze, but hard 's my doom,
 Oh fairer than the cherry's bloom ;
 Thus at a distance to behold
 Whom my soft arms would fain enfold.
 How swift on Alban † steed I flew,
 Thy dazzling countenance to view !
 Though hard the steep ascent to gain,
 Thy smiles were harder to obtain.
 Thy peerless beauties to declare
 Was still thy zealous lover's care.
 Oh fairer thou, and colder too,
 Than new-fall'n snow on Aran's ‡ brow !
 Oh lovely flower of Trevor's race,
 Let not a cruel heart disgrace
 The beauties of that heavenly face !
 Thou art my daily thought ; each night
 Presents Mevanwy to my sight ;
 And death alone can draw the dart,
 Which love has fixed in my heart.
 Ah! canst thou with ungentle eye,
 Behold thy faithful Howel die ?
 For thee my verse shall ever run,
 Bright rival of the mid-day sun !
 Shouldst thou demand thy lover's eyes,
 Gladly to thee I'd sacrifice

* Trystan was another famous knight. His sorrow seems to have
 arose from his having been deserted by a lady, who, as the history
 relates, forsook him for Sir Bleoberys.

† A Scotch horse.

‡ Two lofty mountains in Merionethshire

My useless sight, that only shews
 The cruel author of its woes,
 Refulgent in her golden bower,
 As morning in her eastern tower.

Thy name the echoing valleys round,
 Thy name a thousand hills resound;
 Mevanwy Vechan, maid divine !
 No name so musical as thine ;
 And every bard with rapture hung
 On the soft music of my song.
 For thee I languish, pine, and rave
 White as Dwr-dwy's curling wave.
 Alas ! no words can speak my pain,
 While thus I love, but love in vain !
 Wisdom and reason, what are they ?
 What all the charms of poesy,
 Against the fury of thy darts,
 Thou vanquisher of human hearts ?

When first I saw thee, princely maid,
 In scarlet robes of state array'd,
 Thy beauties set my soul on fire,
 And every motion fann'd desire ;
 The more on thy sweet form I gazed,
 The more my frantic passion blazed.
 Not half so fine the spider's thread
 That glitters in the dewy mead,
 As the bright ringlets of thy hair,
 Thou beauteous object of my care !
 But ah ! my sighs, my tears are vain !
 The cruel maid insults my pain !

And canst thou without pity, see
 The victim of thy cruelty ;
 Pale with despair, and robb'd of sleep,
 Whose only business is to weep ?—
 Behold thy bard, thy poet, languish,
 Oh ! ease thy bard's, thy poet's anguish ;

And for heaven's sake some pity shew,
 Ere to the shades of night I go.
 Oh ! fairer than the flowers adorning
 The hawthorn in a summer's morning !
 While life remains, I still will sing
 Thy praise, and make the mountains ring
 With fair Mevanwy's tuneful name !
 And from misfortune purchase fame :
 Not e'en to die shall I repine,
 So Howel's name may live with thine.

R. W.

LLEWELYN'S TRIUMPH.

From the Welsh of Griffith Llygad Gwr.

By Richard Llwyd.

GRIFFITH LLYGAD GWYR, bard to prince Llewelyn ab Griffith, was an eminent poet, who flourished between 1220 and 1270. Some of his compositions are in the Welsh Archæology.

God ! to whom my voice I raise,
 Grant my tongue the power to praise,
 To praise as princely deeds require,
 For such demand the poet's lyre ;
 Arvon's strength, and Mona's tower,
 E'en proud Deganwy* owns his power.
 Where are they that dare invade
 The chief that spurns a stranger's aid ? †
 He nor waits th' impending blow,
 Nor checks, at home, th' invading foe,

* A castle, now in ruins, over against the town of Conway.

† This ode, it will be perceived, was written in the prosperous days of the ultimately unfortunate Llewelyn.

But rushing with a Cæsar's speed,
 Bids the insulting Saxon bleed ;
 Guides the terror, wide and far,
 England's centre feels the war :
 Through seas of blood the victor goes,
 Stately steeds and flying foes.

Heir of every regal grace,
 Pillar of a princely race,
 Lion of the generous breast,
 Who that sues that is not blest ;
 Eagle fair, Eryri's pride,
 Who that asks, by him denied ?
 Grediawl-like* he scaled the wall,
 And bade its brave defenders fall ;
 The days were his when Breiniech bled,
 Where hungry ravens, crowded, fed ;
 When shields were red from streaming wounds,
 From Pwllfordd to Cydweli's bounds ;
 If God the Son be still his friend,
 His spirit man in vain shall bend.

Prudence marks Llewelyn's sway,
 A grateful people pleased, obey ;
 He nor rues Bryn-derwyn's field,
 Where Havoc's sons were taught to yield,
 Gelorwydd's day, Evionydd† far,
 Where, dragon-like, he led to war ;
 Nor yet, when foes to check his course,
 Had crowded, swell'd, Daufynnydd's‡ force ;
 May heaven, a hapless nation's friend,
 To distant days his life extend ;
 His shield to save, his arm to bless,
 And grant a harras'd race redress.
 A lion in pursuit of prey,
 A hurricane's tremendous way,

* One of the heroes of Aneurin's Gododin.
 † river district in Carnarvonshire.

† The Delta,
 ‡ A pass between the hills.

Insatiate as the spread of flame,
 Such Llewelyn's thirst of fame.
 Our sires foretold his triple sway,
 And fate's directed hours obey;
 Old Aberfraw's* sovereign Iôr,†
 Chief of distant Dinevor;‡
 My prince Mathraval's§ sceptre sways,
 The bards of Powys|| sing his praise;
 His, when glory's race shall close,
 His be honor, fame, repose!
 Descendant fair of Britain's kings,
 A favor'd bard attunes the strings,
 And hopes to cut a pathway wide,
 When fighting by his sovereign's side.
 Gwynedd's** leader, yonder brow
 Saw his banners brave the foe;
 His bright Toledo,†† deck'd with gold,
 Its deeds the wearied edge has told;
 Rhos‡‡ and Penvro's§§ utmost bound,
 Saw the ruin raging round;
 Normans fierce are fierce in vain,
 Saxon chiefs but heap the slain;
 Lloegr's||| hosts advance, retire,
 Her towns, her castles, feed the fire.
 Foremost in the desperate deed,
 Sudden as the lightning's speed,
 Swift as Flamddwyn's*** dreadful car,

* One of the royal residences, in North Wales. † A chief,
 or leader. ‡ One of the royal residences in South Wales.

§ One of the royal residences in Powys. || The third
 principality or division of Wales. ** North Wales, the Roman

Vendotia. †† A proof of our early intercourse with Spain.

‡‡ A district in Pembrokeshire. §§ The Welsh name of
 Pembrokeshire. ||| England. *** Literally the

Flame-bearer, which ferocious name was assumed by Ida, king of
 Northumberland, in allusion to the conflagrating torch, with which
 he consumed the towns and villages of the Britons.

E'en distant Cornwall feels the war ;
 His breast with patriot ardour burns,
 Crown'd with conquest he returns—
 Returns to bid the slaughter cease,
 And court the milder cares of peace :
 Heroic warriors ! bold and strong,
 'Tis yours, to share the fame of song—
 Comrades in his trials, toils,
 Share the triumph, share the spoils.

THE HIRLAS.

From the Welsh of Prince Owen Cyveiliog.

By R. W.

OWEN CYVEILIOG was one of the most distinguished of the princes of Powys, as a warrior and as a poet, and began to signalize himself about the year 1160. This poem was composed on account of a battle fought with the English, at Maelor, which is a part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division. He was driven out of his country by Owen Gwyneth, prince of North Wales, and Rhys ab Griffith, prince of South Wales, in 1167, and recovered it, by the help of the Normans and English, under Henry I. He afterwards married Gwenllïan, the daughter of Owen Gwyneth.

I.

Uprose the ruddy dawn of day ;
 The armies met in dread array
 On Maelor Drevred's field :
 Loud the British clarions sound,
 The Saxons, gasping on the ground,
 The bloody contest yield.

II.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled,
 From Owen's arm the coward fled
 Aghast, with wild affright ;
 Let then their haughty lords beware
 How Owen's just revenge they dare,
 And tremble at his sight.

III.

Fill the Hîrlas horn my boy !
 Nor let the tuneful lips be dry
 That warble Owen's praise ;
 Whose walls with warlike spoils are hung,
 And open wide his gates are flung
 In Cambria's peaceful days.

IV.

This hour bright is meant for joy,
 Then fill the Hîrlas horn my boy,
 That shineth like the sea ;
 Whose azure handles, tipt with gold,
 Invite the grasp of Britons bold,
 The sons of Liberty.

V.

Fill it higher still, and higher !
 Mead with noblest deeds inspire :
 Now the battle's lost and won,
 Give the horn to Goronwy's son ;
 Put it into Gwgan's hand,
 Bulwark of his native land,
 Guardian of Sabrina's flood,
 Who oft has dyed his spear in blood.
 When they hear their chieftain's voice,
 Then his gallant friends rejoice ;
 But when to fight he goes, no more
 The festal shout resounds on Severn's winding shore.

VI.

Fill the gold-tipt horn with speed,
 (We must drink, it is decreed,)
 Badge of honor, badge of mirth,
 That calls the soul of music forth !
 As thou wilt thy life prolong,
 Fill it with metheglin strong.
 Griffith thirsts, to Griffith fill,
 Whose bloody lance is used to kill,
 Matchless in the field of strife,
 His glory ends not with his life :
 Dragon-son of Conwyn's race,
 Owen's shield, Arwystli's grace.
 To purchase fame the warriors flew,
 More dire and dire the conflict grew,
 When flush'd with mead, they bravely fought,
 Like Belin's warlike sons, that Edwin's downfall wrought.

VII.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
 Fill it up, my boy, be quicker ;
 Hence away despair and sorrow !
 Time enough to sigh to-morrow.
 Let the brimming goblet smile,
 And Ednyved's cares beguile ;
 Gallant youth, unused to fear,
 Master of the broken spear,
 And the arrow-pierced shield,
 Brought with honor from the field.
 Like an hurricane is he,
 Bursting on the troubled sea :
 See—their spears distained with gore !
 Hear the din of battle roar !
 Bucklers, swords, together clashing,
 Sparkles from their helmets flashing !

Hear ye not their loud alarms ?
 Hark ! they shout :—to arms ! to arms !
 Thus were Garthen's plains defended,
 Maelor fight began and ended.
 There two princes fought ; and there
 Was Morach Vorvran's feast exchanged for rout and fear.

VIII.

Fill the horn ! 'tis my delight,
 When my friends return from fight,
 Champions of their country's glory,
 To record each gallant story ;
 To Ynyr's comely offspring fill,
 Foremost in the battle still ;
 Two blooming youths, in counsel sage,
 As heroes of maturer age ;
 In peace and war alike renown'd,
 Be their brows with garlands crown'd ;
 Deck'd with glory let them shine,
 The ornament and pride of Ynyr's ancient line !

IX.

To Selyv fill, of eagle heart,
 Skill'd to hurl the fatal dart ;
 With the wolf's impetuous force
 He urgeth on his headlong course.
 To Tudor next, great Madoc's son,
 They the race of honor run
 Together in the tented field,
 And both alike disdain to yield.
 Like a lion in the fray,
 Tudor darts upon his prey ;
 Rivals in the feats of war,
 Where danger call'd they rush'd from far ;
 Till, shatter'd by some hostile stroke,
 With horrid clang their shields were broke ;

Loud as the foaming billows' roar,
 r fierce contending winds on Talgarth's stormy shore.

X.

Fill the horn with rosy wine,
 Brave Moreiddig claims it now;
 Chieftain of an ancient line,
 Dauntless heart, and open brow:
 To the warrior it belongs,
 Prince of battles, theme of songs
 Pride of Powys, Mochnant's boast!
 Guardian of his native coast!
 But ah, his short-lived triumph's o'er,
 Brave Moreiddig is no more!
 To his pensive ghost we'll give
 Due remembrance while we live;
 And in fairy 'fiction dress'd,
 Flowing hair and sable vest,
 The tragic muse shall grace our songs,
 While brave Moreiddig's name the mournful strain
 prolongs.

XI.

Pour out the horn, (though he desire it not)
 And heave a sigh on Morgan's early grave;
 Doom'd in his clay-cold tenement to rot,
 While we revere the memory of the brave.

XII.

Fill again the Hirlas Horn;
 On that ever-glorious morn,
 The Britons and their foes between,
 What prodigies of might were seen!
 On Gwestyn's plain the fight began,
 There Grynwy sure was more than man!
 Him to resist on Gwestyn's plain,
 A hundred Saxons fought in vain;

To set the noble Meyric free,
 And change his bonds to liberty,
 The warriors vow'd. The god of day
 Scarce darted his meridian ray,
 When he beheld the conquerers, steep'd in gore,
 And Gwestyn's bloody fight ere highest noon was o'er.

XIII.

Now a due libation pour
 To the spirits of the dead,
 Who, that memorable hour,
 Made the hostile plain their bed.
 There the glittering steel was seen,
 There the twanging bow was heard ;
 There the mighty press'd the green,
 Recorded by their faithful bard.
 Madoc there, and Meilir brave,
 Sent many a Saxon to his grave ;
 Their drink was mead, their hearts were true,
 And to the head their shafts they drew ;
 But Owen's guard, in terrible array,
 Resistless march along, and make the world give way.

XIV.

Pour the sweet transparent mead,
 (The spear is red in time of need,)
 And give to each departed spirit,
 The honor and reward of merit.
 What cares surroud the regal state,
 What anxious thoughts molest the great ;
 None but a prince himself can know,
 And heaven that ruleth kings, and lays the mighty low.

XV.

For Daniel fill the horn so green,
 Of haughty brow and angry mien ;
 While the less'ning tapers shine,
 Fill it up with gen'rous wine :

He no quarter takes or gives,
 But by spoil and rapine lives.
 Comely is the youth, and brave,
 But obdurate as the grave.
 Hadst thou seen in Maelor fight,
 How we put the foe to flight!
 Hadst thou seen the chiefs in arms,
 When the foe rush'd on in swarms!
 Round about their prince they stood,
 And stain'd their swords with hostile blood.
 Glorious bulwarks! to their praise
 Their prince devotes his latest lays.
 Now, my boy, thy task is o'er;
 Thou shalt fill the horn no more.
 Long may the King of kings protect
 And crown with bliss my friends elect;
 Where Liberty and Truth reside,
 And Virtue, Truth's immortal bride!
 There may we altogether meet,
 And former times renew, in heavenly converse sweet.

THE THUNDER STORM.

*From the Welsh of Davydd ab Gwilym, a celebrated amatory
 Poet, who flourished about 1355.*

By Iolo Morganwg.

I.

ONE day to the grove with my Morvid I walk'd,
 We feasted on kisses, and tenderly talk'd;
 The cuckoo sang cheerful, sweet warbled the thrush,
 Whilst I, with my dear girl, sat under the bush:
 Though long, for the fair one, I joyless had mourn'd,
 Yet her looks now confess'd my warm passion return'd;

I sang of her charms, and rewarding my lay,
She wreathed for my brows the green trophies of May.

II.

Alas ! whilst these amorous moments of joy,
With sweetest excess did our feelings employ,
A loud clap of thunder, with terrible sound,
Affrighted the vales and the mountains around ;
The rain, in a deluge, came down from the skies ;
The lightning's rude gleam fiercely flash'd on our eyes
How trembled my charmer ! and, wild with dismay,
She left the green wood, and ran, frighten'd, away.

III.

Thou fierce fiery dragon, thus roaring aloud,
With rumble tremendous aloft in the cloud,
Like a bull in wild anger assailing the rocks,
And striking proud mountains with terrible shocks ;
At thy trump's mighty clangor mad elements jar,
And, full of thy furies, quick rush to the war ;
Thy wild hissing flames with huge waters contend :
My Morvid, alas ! thought the world at an end.

IV.

Struck dumb with deep terror, she hurried her pace,
Like thy lightning she flew from her lover's embrace ;
I cursed thy stern grumble with anger profound,
When drum'd through the welkin thy bug-bears around
I thought, for one evening, to fly from all care,
To this blooming arbour with Morvid my fair ;
Now pour, in full torrents, thy wrath on my head,
For, scared by thy rattle, my charmer is fled.

FANNY BLOOMING FAIR.

From the Welsh of David Nicholas.

By William Davies.

THIS author flourished in A. D. 1760. He was private tutor in the family of Mr. Aubrey, of Aberpergwm, near Neath.

I.

WITH Fanny, blooming Fair!
 Who still unrival'd reigns,
 What virgin can compare
 Through all Siluria's plains?
 Come Cambrian bards, oh weave a chaplet rare,
 Of sweetest flowers
 From Pindus' bowers,
 For Fanny, blooming Fair.

II.

Sweet lily of the dale,
 The theme of ev'ry song,
 Her charms shall still prevail
 O'er all the youthful throng;
 All bright as morning's dawn her lovely face appear;
 Of life the balm
 She bears the palm,
 Dear Fanny, blooming Fair.

III.

No pleasure can I taste,
 But from the mournful strain;
 My tedious hours I waste
 In sorrow, grief, and pain;

If you, dear lovely maid, refuse to ease my care,
 Oppress'd with woes
 My life I close,
 Dear Fanny, blooming Fair.

IV.

Slow Neath shall seek the hills
 And leave th' extended main,
 In hoarse-resounding rills
 The tow'ring beacon gain ;
 Through high o'er ruling clouds its lofty peak it rear,
 Whene'er I rove
 Or cease to love
 My Fanny, blooming Fair.

V.

Beneath those polar skies,
 Where streams forget to flow,
 Where icy mountains rise,
 Wrapp'd in eternal snow ;
 Though tempests round me raved, and shook the frigid air
 With fond desire
 I'll strike the lyre
 To Fanny, blooming Fair.

VI.

In all the blaze of day,
 On Affric's utmost bound,
 Though Phœbus' noon-tide ray,
 Should parch the burning ground,
 Though sick'ning Nature droop midscorching deserts bare
 My song shall be
 Of love and thee,
 Dear Fanny, blooming Fair.

VII.

Thou balmy zephyr mild,
 Blow on the hawthorn pale,

Soft April's modest child
 That decks the flowery vale;
 And then each tender sigh perfumed with incense bear,
 Those sighs that prove
 Unfeigned love,
 To Fanny, blooming Fair.

VIII.

In softest whispers speak
 Her poet's anxious pain,
 That faithful heart must break,
 That long has sigh'd in vain;
 For soon, without one smile to chase my deep despair,
 The yew tree's gloom
 Must shade my tomb,
 Dear Fanny, Blooming Fair.

Y DEWIS, OR THE CHOICE.

From the Welsh of Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd.

By John Humphreys Parry.

HYWEL AB OWAIN was one of the sons of Owain Gwynedd, prince of North Wales. Upon his father's death, in 1169, Hywel aspired to the throne, but, after a severe struggle, was defeated by his brother Davydd, and two years afterwards died of his wounds in Ireland. This part of his history is beautifully treated in Southey's *Madoc*, (vide *PRINCE HOEL'S CHILD*.) There are eight of Hywel's productions preserved, which are printed in the *Archæology of Wales*. The effusions of his muse appear, like this specimen, to have been dedicated to the fair sex.

Yew lovely maid, of form divine,
 So slim, so fair, may she be mine,
 Whose long white shape and graceful mien
 Beneath her light blue veil are seen !

On woman, when her charms unite,
 Supreme in female excellence,
 To muse hath been my first delight ;
 But most I prize her diffidence,
 When on her lips in concert sweet,
 Her decent mind and language meet.
 Hence would I choose, with thee my fair,
 Our thoughts, our lives, our all to share.
 Bright art thou as the hues that shine
 Upon the sparkling summer tide,
 While Cymru's purest speech is thine ;
 Discreetest maid, be this thy pride.
 Hence thou art mine, and I shall be
 To thee as dear as thou to me ?
 What, no reply ? ah, silent still !
 Yet e'en thy silence raptures fill.
 But I, who choose so rich a prize,
 What pause should mar a choice like this ?
 In choosing well the merit lies,
 Then choose, my fair, and seal our bliss.

SIR GRIFFITH LLWYD.

From the Welsh of Gwilym Ddu.

By Richard Llwyd.

SIR Griffith Llwyd, knight, ab Rhys, ab Griffith, ab Ednyves
 Vychan, was, in the early part of his life, seneschal to prince
 Llewelyn ab Iorwerth, and served afterwards under his grandson
 the brave, but unfortunate, Llewelyn ab Griffith. On the sub-
 jugation of Wales, yielding to the force of circumstances, and in
 obedience to the treaties between the two countries, he considered
 himself thenceforward as the subject of the English king ; accord-
 ingly he was the bearer to him of the first intelligence of the queen's
 delivery of a son at Caernarvon castle, on which he was knighted.

ward. But afterwards, enraged at the oppression endured by his untrymen at the hands of the English, he roused the country, and in an insurrection to throw off the yoke of England. On this occasion he Latinized the adage "*Gwell marw vel dyn, na byw i ci*," (Better die like a man than live like a dog,) and that it might be intelligible to his enemies, displayed the words *Vincere vel mori* upon his shield and banners. Although awhile successful, he was at length defeated, and taken prisoner. From this poem, it is supposed he ended his days a prisoner in Rhuddlan castle. Gwilym du (Black William) Sir Griffith Llwyd's bard, entitled this poem *Wdl y Misoedd*, the Ode of the Months, than which nothing could be more inappropriate, as but two of them are named in it.

My days were bright, my hours were gay,
 Ere Cambria saw the sun of May;
 That erst dispell'd the winter's gloom,
 And bless'd the world with love and bloom.

How heavy on this suff'ring land,
 Almighty Father, falls thy hand;
 Inflictive falls, as when of old
 The saviour of the world was sold:

'Tis ours, in these disastrous times,
 To suffer as if curst with crimes;
 To see the ruin widely rage,
 And Havoc sieze the locks of age;
 While slaughter'd vigour loads the earth,
 And Vice, triumphant, treads on Worth:
 To heaven, in vain, e'en Virtue calls,
 The foe exults—my country falls!

Oh thou, decreed the world to save!
 Where can I rest but in the grave,
 Where can I pass the hours of pain,
 Forbid e'en sorrow's soothing strain;
 Forbid * by foes whose breasts are steel,
 To pour to heaven the pangs we feel.

* This adds to prove how severe the censorship was exercised by

Can bards who fill'd the rolls of fame,
 Live but to hold an empty name ?
 Can I, that long with grateful tongue
 Tregarnedd's* warlike lord have sung,
 Live, and in inglorious rest
 Behold my princely chief deprest !

Like Dunawd's† bard, whose plaintive tongue
 The woes of other times has sung ;
 So I on recent sorrows dwell,
 And sad, my country's troubles tell,—
 To me how glooms the cheerful day,
 That spreads around the sweets of May,
 And June, gay summer's pride and care,
 But feeds the horrors of despair :
 Alas ! if Griffith does not live
 What joy can varying seasons give—
 What pleasure, to the breast of pain ?—
 The world itself exists in vain !

There are—who hear unmoved the strain,
 By verse and virtue roused in vain,
 Whose breasts resist the patriot glow,
 Unnerved the arm, unstrung the bow ;

the English authorities over the Welsh bards : and even so late as 1480, Davydd Llwyd of Mathavarn, in an ode to Owen Tudor, of Penmynydd, says, "*Gwyddom dewi a goddwr*," We know to suffer and be silent.

* Tre'r Garnedd (the Tumulus farm) in Anglesea, was, in 1220, the property and occasional residence of Ednyved Vychan, from him it descended to his great grandson Sir Griffith Llwyd, who, when he revolted, fortified this house with a fosse, 8 yards wide, and 4 deep ; and at the same time formed another strong hold at a short distance from it, in the morass of Maldraeth, intended as a retreat in the last extremity ; this he insulated, by drawing round it the deep waters of the river Cevni. Sufficient vestiges of both still remain, to ascertain their relative strength and situation.

† Son of Pabo Post Prydain, a bard of the sixth century.

Who crouch beneath the foe's controul,
 And bear the lash that tears the soul ;
 Be theirs, depression's abject life,
 Be mine the war's eventful strife !

Where is the hawk* whose wings were spread,
 Whose beak with Saxon blood was red,
 That proudly perch'd on triumph's car,
 With England's Marches waged the war ;
 Our prowess proved, avenged our wrongs,
 And tuned to joy unnumber'd tongues ?

Where is the sword of crimson hue,
 That gleam'd upon the warrior's view ?
 A thousand feats record its strength,
 And terror long shall tell its length ;
 And well th' indented edge will shew
 To days unborn, its deathful blow.
 Where's the red lance that led the way,
 When Griffith won the doubtful day ;
 That, torch-like, blazing in his hand,
 To conquest led his country's band ;
 When foes, invading, fought and fled,
 And England's bravest blood was shed ?
 Heroic band—a people's pride
 That stem'd invasion's threat'ning tide,
 That stayed awhile your country's fall,
 Illustrious shades—on you I call !
 As bending o'er the soil I weep,
 Where now your peaceful spirits sleep :
 Heavenly slumbers bless the brave,
 And Cambria's tears bedew the grave,

* This is probably an allusion to Carwed, lord of Twr Celyn, whose crest it was.—The exploits of that chieftain in the war with Henry II. being yet fresh in the public voice.

With flowers unfading decks the sod,
And gives your happier souls to God !

Ye scenes, where still my footsteps tend,
Where still unwean'd my wishes bend,
Ye domes, where now I pensive gaze,
Were bright when beam'd the social blaze,
When Griffith, from a princely store,
Abundance to the banquet bore :
Ye storied walls, where Time shall trace
High Bryn Euryn's* trophied race ;
That rich in glory's proudest lore,
The deeds of other days restore ;
Ye roofs that long responsive rung,
When bards the trying conflict sung,
When joy's exulting voice was high,
When songs of triumph reach'd the sky,
And horns† from Hybla's sweetest stream
Were fill'd to Griffith's glorious name ;
Alas, the poor no more repair
His bounty and his smiles to share ;
Heart-rending sighs to heaven ascend,
They mourn, like me, their common friend :
Chill as the cells that hold the dead,
The festive halls where crowds were fed,
Where Griffith graced the frequent treat,
And led the stranger to his seat :
Like generous Nudd,‡ in days of yore,
So Griffith gave—but gives no more.

* Bryn Euryn, is in the parish of Llandrillo, near Conway, and of thirteen residences in the possession of Ednyved Vychan, in North Wales, this was the favorite, and was said to have been "*royally adorned with turrets and garrets.*"

† The Hirlas Horn. See Prince Owen Cyveiliog's ode on the Hirlas, in this volume.

‡ Nudd Hael, (Neath the generous) one of the three liberal princes of Britain, mentioned in the Triads, and sung by Gwyddno Garanht and Taliesin.

Dismay and terror siezed our foes,
 When Arvon's towering eagle rose,
 Achilles-like, with helmet high,
 And fury flashing in his eye;
 As Urien bold, the battle's boast,
 A nation's hope—his arm an host;
 He rush'd, as torrents roll along,
 No flattery stains a Gwilym's song;
 It flows like Avan's* dulcet stream,
 When brave Cadwallon fill'd the theme.

At length, the fell vindictive foe
 Has laid Dinorwig's† lion low,
 And now with haughty crest relates
 His happier, and our adverse fates;
 While Cambria shrinks with boding fear,
 And dreads the tale she's doom'd to hear—
 To hear that Rhuddlan's towers restrain
 The man, by virtue rear'd to reign:
 In chains, my chief of graceful form
 Smiles at insult—braves their scorn—
 And bleeding, crown'd with honor's wreath,
 Awaits and courts the dart of death;
 While now, on ev'ry breeze 'tis borne,
 With every pang my breast is torn—
 I sink to earth to hear his name,
 With all that mans and warms my frame!

* Avan Verddig, bard of prince Cadwallon ab Cadvan, described the triads as one of the three bloody speared bards of Britain.

† Dinorwig is situate on the edge of the Arvonian ridge, in the parish of Llanddellionen, and within a few miles of Bangor. It was one of the many royal residences in North Wales; the situation is most inviting, and although the ruins are nearly removed, the dimensions of the great hall, the hospitality of which Gwilym Ddu so willingly sings, and which was twenty four yards long, are still ascertainable.

Yet fame to other times shall tell
 How Griffith fought, how Griffith fell ;
 And ages yet to come shall hear,
 As downward rolls the pitying tear.

Misfortunes throng on every side,
 Fall'n is Mona's strength and pride,
 And lofty Arvon, Gwynedd's tower,
 Falls, and feels th' unequal power ;
 Her sons by Saxon hosts assail'd,
 At Rheon's* ford have fought and fail'd ;
 In vain the phalanx firmly stood,
 Till Rheon roll'd a tide of blood—
 They fell—o'erwhelm'd a nation falls—
 And Saxon power my prince enthalls.
 Oppression's plan at length succeeds,
 At every pore my country bleeds—
 No ray of hope pervades our woes,
 No trait of mercy marks our foes,
 And Britain's sons in vain are brave,
 Immured within a living grave.
 Affliction wild, with piercing cry,
 And dark despair with downcast eye,
 The manly mind that scorns to speak,
 Th' indignant heart that swells to break ;
 All agonize my breast, to close
 At once—existence and its woes.

* A river of Caernarvonshire, now unknown, having changed its name.

THE FAIR PILGRIM.

From the Welsh of Davydd ab Gwilym.

By Iolo Morganwg.

THE charmer sweet, of Mona's isle,
With Death attendant on her smile,
Intent on Pilgrimage divine
Speeds to St. David's holy shrine ;
Too conscious of a sinful mind,
And hopes she may forgiveness find.

“ What hast thou done, thrice lovely maid ?
What crimes can to thy charge be laid ?
Didst thou condemn the suppliant poor,
Drive helpless orphans from thy door,
Undutious to thy parents prove,
Or yield thy charms to lawless love ?

“ No, Morvid, no ; thy gentle breast
Was form'd to pity the distress'd ;
Has ne'er one thought, one feeling known,
That virtue could not call her own ;
Nor hast thou caused a parent's pain
Till quitting now thy native plain.

“ Yet, lovely nymph, thy way pursue,
And keep repentance full in view ;
Yield not thy tongue to cold restraint,
But lay thy soul before the saint ;
Oh tell him that thy lover dies ;
On death's cold bed unpitied lies ;
Murder'd by thee, relentless maid,
And to th' untimely grave convey'd.

“ Yet ere he’s number’d with the dead,
 Ere yet his latest breath is fled ;
 Confess, repent, thou cruel fair,
 And hear, for once, a lover’s pray’r,
 So may the saint, with ear benign,
 Sweet Penitent, attend to thine.

“ Soon o’er the Menai* must thou go—
 May ev’ry current softly flow,
 Thy little bark securely glide
 Swift o’er the calm pellucid tide ;
 Unruffled be thy gentle breast,
 Without one fear to break thy rest,
 Till thou art safely wafted o’er,
 To bold Arvonias† tow’ring shore.
 Oh could I guard thy lovely form
 Safe through yon desert of the storm,‡
 Where fiercely rage encount’ring gales,
 And whirlwinds rend th’ affrighted vales :
 Sons of the tempest ! cease to blow,
 Sleep in your cavern’d glens below ;
 Ye streams that, with terrific sound,
 Pour from your thousand hills around ;
 Cease with rude clamours to dismay
 A gentle Pilgrim on her way.

“ Peace ! rude Traeth Mawr,§ no longer urge
 O’er thy wild strand the sweeping surge ;
 ’Tis Morvid on thy beach appears,
 She dreads thy wrath—she owns her fears ;
 Oh let the meek repentant maid
 Securely through thy windings wade.

* Menai, the frith or channel dividing Anglesea from Caernarvonshire.

† Arvonias, or Arvon, Caernarvonshire.

‡ Snowdon ; supposed the highest mountain in Britain.

§ Traeth Mawr, *the Great Strand*, in Caernarvonshire, noted for quicksands, and sudden flowing of its tides.

“Traeth Bychan,* check thy dreadful ire ;
 And bid thy foamy waves retire ;
 Till from thy threat'ning dangers freed,
 My charmer trips the flow'ry mead,
 Then bid again, with sullen roar,
 Thy billows lash the sounding shore.

“Abermo,† from thy rocky bay,
 Drive each terrific surge away :
 Though sunk beneath thy billows lie
 Proud fanes that once assail'd the sky.‡
 Dash'd by thy foam, yon vestal braves
 The dangers of thy bursting waves.
 Oh Cyric,§ see my lovely fair
 Consign'd to thy paternal care ;
 Rebuke the raging seas ! and land
 My Morvid on yon friendly strand.

“Dyssyni,|| tame thy furious tide,
 Fixt at thy source in peace abide ;
 She comes—oh greet her with a smile !—
 The charmer of sweet Mona's isle.
 So may thy limpid rills around
 Purl down their dells with soothing sound,
 Sport on thy bosom, and display
 Their crystal to the glitt'ring day ;
 Nor shrink from summer's parching sun,
 Nor chain'd in ice, forget to run.
 So may thy verdant marge along
 Mervinia's** bards in raptur'd song

*Traeth Bychan, *Little Strand*, in Merionethshire, a place equally dangerous.

†Abermo, a perilous rocky bay in Merionethshire.

‡Proud fanes, &c. Cantrev y Gwaelod, *the Lowland Hundred*, a country inundated by the sea in the sixth century.

§The patron saint of the Welsh Mariners.

||A river in Merionethshire, running through a beautiful country.

**Merionethshire, which is also called Meirion, its proper Welsh name.

Dwell on thy hold majestic scene,
Huge hills, vast woods, and valleys green,
Where revels thy enchanting stream,
The lover's haunt, and poet's theme.

"Thou Dyvi,* dangerous and deep,
On beds of ooze unruffled sleep;
O'er thy green wave my Morvid sails,†
Conduct her safe, ye gentle gales;
Charm'd with her beauties, waft her o'er
To famed Ceredig's‡ wond'ring shore.

"Foamy Rheidol,§ rage no more
Down thy rocks with echo'd roar;
Be silent Ystwyth† in thy meads,
Glide softly through thy peaceful reeds;
Nor bid thy dells, rude Aeron,|| ring,
But halt at thy maternal spring;
Hide from the nymph, ye torrents wild,
Or wear, like her, an aspect mild,
For her light steps clear all your ways;
Oh listen! 'tis a lover prays!"

Now safe beneath serener skies,
Where softer beauties charm her eyes,
She Teivi's** verdant region roves,
Views flow'ry meads, and pensile groves;
Ye lovely scenes, to Morvid's heart
Warm thoughts of tenderness impart,

* A large river dividing the counties of Merioneth and Cardigan.

† It was usual for those, even females, who went from North Wales on pilgrimage to St. David's, to pass the dangerous straits and sail over the rough bays in slight coracles, without any one to guide them; so firmly were they persuaded that their adored saint, well as Cyric, the ruler of the waves, would protect them in danger.

‡ An ancient prince, from whom Ceredig (Cardigan) derives its name.

§ Rheidol, Ystwyth, and Aeron rivers in Cardiganshire.

** A large river dividing

counties of Cardigan and Pembroke.

Sach as in busy tumults roll,
When love's confusion fills the soul.

“ Her wearied step, with awe profound,
Now treads Menevia's* honor'd ground.
At David's shrine now, lovely maid,
Thy pious orisons are paid ;
He sees the secrets of thy breast,
One sin, one only, stands confess'd,
One heinous guilt, that, ruthless, gave
Thy hopeless lover to the grave.
Thy soften'd bosom now relents,
And of its cruelty repents,
Gives to remorse the fervent sigh,
Sweet Pity's tear bedews thine eye ;
Now love lights up its hallow'd fire,
Melts all thy heart with chaste desire :
Whilst in thy soul new feelings burn,
Oh Morvid, to thy bard return !
One tender look will cure his pain,
Will bid him rise to life again,
A life like that of saints above,
Extatic joy, and endless love.”

CAN Y DARVOCHIN ; OR, THE BADGER HUNT.

From the Welsh of Hywel Rhys.

By Theophilus Jones, Esq.

WHILE treating of the parish of Vaenor, in the course of his history of Brecknockshire, the translator says:—Though this parish cannot

* In Welsh Mynyw, the ancient name of St. David's, which was also called, in the time of the Romans, Vallis Rosina.

boast of the splendid seats of opulence, or of any families long settled here, they may be proud of one delightful poet, whose unlettered muse has produced many fugitive pieces, and among them the *Cán y Darvochin*, or the Badger hunt. This poet of nature was born at a small house in this parish, at the source of the Clais, and died the 3rd of June, 1799, without even a headstone to his memory."

I.

ATTEND me, ye youngsters, and list to a tale,
Which with brevity, candour, and truth I'll reveal,
How a parcel of striplings, and bantlings, and boys,
In search of amusement, and pleasure, and joys,
After much conversation, and turning our minds
To play and diversions of different kinds,
All together agreed, without fear or disgrace,
To explore Darren Vechan, the badger to chase.

II.

For this purpose we met ; we together agreed
The first set for hounds, for our sport to proceed,
The second for bulldogs and curs (a bright thought!)
While pitchforks and staves by the third set were brought.
On one ever-famed night we soon gather'd around
The badger's retreat, where he takes to the ground ;
When, by cautiously trying with dogs and with men,
The cry of the hounds proved he'd quitted his den.

III.

Two active young lads, who were armed for the fight,
Ran after the hounds with their main and their might ;
We, equally dextrous the game to pursue,
With caution and care kept the holes still in view.
How delightful the chorus ! how charming the sounds
Of our staunch, our unwearied and open-mouth'd hounds !
As they dash'd o'er the rocks, or they burst through the
brake,
All eagerly striving their prey to o'ertake.

IV.

Though keen were his weapons, and great was his strength,
 Our lads and our dogs overcame him at length;
 An attempt to return eased his pain and our strife;
 For near Llydiart Gallyn he ended his life.
 So with loud shouts of joy to each other we call,
 And together contemplate the enemy's fall;
 And while each felt his weight, he exclaimed with surprise,
 "Ne'er badger was seen of such wonderful size!"

V.

We lifted him up, all with pleasure elate,
 No tears from his bearers, none wept at his fate;
 Each offer'd his shoulder, his burden to bear,
 Intending a roast, the first house we came near:
 On reflection, however, 'twas thought better yet,
 To sell him at once for the most we could get;
 And so become rich, and in hunting renown'd,
 Like Dian's attendants, by history crown'd.

VI.

"Much joy" we receive 'long the vales as we go,
 Till we meet with one Thomas ap Edward, our foe;—
 First he praises our feat, then extols he our sport,
 So we foolishly halted, his flatt'ry to court;
 And thus he comes over us with his smooth tongue,—
 "You can't flay a badger, my dears, you're too young;
 I'll take it and dress it, to-morrow you'll see
 How to do it yourselves, if you call upon me."

VII.

He boasted, at home that he'd vessels and fire,
 And a spit too, and all that our hearts could desire;
 Such as scales, and true weights, and fair measures, and
 pots,
 To divide it among us in separate lots.

This plausible tale we rejoiced to hear told,
 So we gave him the badger, and quitted our hold,
 To march towards home : in the morn we prepare,
 As hardy as Nimrod, to seek for our fare.

VIII.

All eagerly met and, each, pleased as a king,
 To the butcher's we cheerily stray'd in a string :—
 His mother's harsh voice first saluted our ear,
 In accents full surly, with, "What d'ye want here?"
 "We are come, my dear mother," we mildly replied,
 "We are come for the badger, and hope you'll not chide,
 Which good Mr. Thomas, who's all that is bright,
 Received at the hands of us children last night."

IX.

But Thomas, enraged, swore our badger was lean,
 Nay, the vilest of carrions that ever was seen,
 Without fat on its bones, and its meat was so tough,
 That a crown was too little for flaying such stuff;
 Eight candles his mother expended, she said,
 And fire too, from our little hoards to be paid :
 "We'll keep this same badger, and silence this rout,"
 "You've cost us ten shillings—you young curs, get out!"

X.

Thus we, with sad hearts, and with sore-weeping eyes,
 "Oh Thomas, your promises surely you prize;
 Would you wish to deceive, for such villainous ends,
 Your neighbour's own children—the sons of your friends?"
 But he cursed and he swore that he'd drive us along,
 And his mother too join'd in the very same song :
 Thus the badger we've lost, and we're driven, poor elves
 To fly for our lives, and take care of ourselves.

XI.

* I've told you at once of our loss and our gain,
 Full many have witness'd our pleasures and pain :

It is clear we've been cheated, poor innocent boys !
 We've been robb'd of our treasure, and fobb'd off with
 noise ;

We're as poor as church mice, they as sleek as fed cooks,
 And the fat of the badger appears in their looks ;
 If they've made a good meal on't, I wish them no worse,
 And will give them another, much rather than curse.

XII.

Most sincerely I wish them great plenty of game
 That inherit the Darren, their hunger to tame ;
 Foul fitchocks, and weasels, and pole-cats to eat,
 Be hedgehogs, and badgers, and foxes their treat !
 For the candles they've charged us, may these be their
 pay,

In bowls or on platters, by night or by day ;
 And when feasting is o'er, and their appetites fail,
 May the stink of the badger still strongest prevail !

THE REBUKE.

To Young Ladies too ambitious of Ornament.

From the Welsh of Davydd ab Gwilym.

THIS piece exhibits a curious picture of the provincial mode of dress in the time of Edward III. This author appears throughout his works, to have been an admirer of the pure graces of nature ; yet, it is not improbable that the advice he here gives to his mistress was suggested as much by the state of his finances, as by the peculiar simplicity of his taste.

EDITOR OF CAMBRIAN REGISTER.

To push their market on th' important day,
 The wake, or fair ;—our lasses, vainly gay,

Round their sweet brows the pearly network spread,
 And rubies blush in gold to deck their head :
 Of green or crimson is their bright attire,
 To fix the vagrant glance of fond desire.
 Amidst the crowd, we cannot sieze an arm
 But sparkling bracelets vaunt their borrow'd charm.
 A rosary each beauteous bosom bears,
 For prayers I own—but not for heavenly prayers.
 With ornaments they mask fair nature's grace :
 But woe's the man who wins the skittish lass,—
 The dolt, who ne'er suspects that treachery lies
 Concealed, where grace and beauty meet the eyes.

Thus the false yew, that with one envious strain
 Would cheat the archer's hand, and burst in twain,
 With studious art is gilded on the back,
 And hides with ornaments the hideous crack :
 Some dupe's allured by specious glittering gold,—
 For trusty stuff the crazy weapon's sold.
 And, has the polish'd wall, that strikes the sight,
 Illumed with modest lime, so chaste, so white,
 A worse effect for usefulness or grace
 Than if the painter's tawdry brush could trace
 Quivers of gold and orbs of warlike shields,
 And every whim a feverish fancy yields?
 If so, the fairest creature, I allow,
 May need some sparkling toy to shade her brow ;
 If not, how many belles their treasures waste,
 And murder beauty by their want of taste.

And truth to tell, whene'er I see those eyes,
 More bright than stars in clear December's skies,
 Trick'd off with gems, and of such baubles vain,
 It gives anxiety, disgust, and pain.

Those pearls that deck thy mouth are brighter far,
 Sweet maid, than what the vain and ugly wear :

Disguise not thou, at least, thy charming face,
 Nor dress and ogle in the paltry glass,
 For studied charms to make thy lover bleed:
 Kind nature's grace alone will do the deed.
 Shall Sol, unrival'd, from his orbit stray,
 In quest of brighter beams to gild the day?

No object ever pleased my raptured sight,
 Sweet as the modest fair, in virgin white:
 The flaunting countess in her gorgeous dress,
 Is less divine by far, and pleases vastly less.

THE BARD'S ADMONITION

To a Young Lady,

From the Welsh of Davydd ab Gwilym.

THOU, who wilt comprehend my lay,
 In flowing crimson, tall and gay;
 Oh lovely lass, attend my vows!
 Though not so fair the lily blows,
 That meekest daughter of the light,
 Nor costly beryl shines so bright;
 Nor pearl on the young ousel's down,
 Nor snow on Aran's lofty crown,
 Can emulate the white that breaks
 The conscious roses in thy cheeks.—
 How sweet! Ne'er did the wave at eve
 So softly sweet a crimson give!
 Ah whither turns thy face, my fair;
 Hast thou forgot the power to hear?
 Or know'st thou not that beauty's made
 First to bloom, and then to fade?

Why still thy amorous bard despise,
 Confiding in those lovely eyes?
 Celestial gems I own they are,
 Yet other lands may own as fair.
 Love courts thee now, but waits not long,
 A timid bird, he's quickly sprung.
 Now then, exert thy beauty's power,
 Let *this* be love's triumphant hour.

When these dear locks—(forgive the lay,)
 Those auburn locks—are tinged with grey—
 When Time has plough'd his furrows there,
 Where blooming roses now appear—
 Cold age—(alas, my love, 'tis true!)
 Cold age will sieze on me—and you.

Then wilt thou totter to thy glass,
 And sadly view thy faded face:
 No harp will move the trembling string,
 To thee no raptured youth will sing:
 Then, while the loves around thee play,
 Sieze—seize their wings, dear girl! to-day.

Behold, the darkling grove is nigh!
 With speed oh let us thither fly!
 There should some rival swain invade
 With curious step, our blissful shade,
 To seek us in a hundred bowers,
His be the care, while love is *ours*.

Haste thee then, beneath the boughs,
 Lovely object of my vows!
 Haste, while youth and warm desires
 Kindle love's resistless fires!
 Haste, my life, no more delay,
 Lest idle eyes should mark our way.

See, yon vault of lovely blue,
 Dipt in April's freshest hue:

See where jolly May has spread
His opening buds around our bed !

A youth, uncheck'd by surly sire,
I yield the rein to fond desire ;
In stately halls let others rove,
For me—I love the birchen grove.

THE FALLING ROCK IN NEATH VALE.

*From the Welsh Englyn of Rhys Morgan John, of
Pen-Craig Nêdd.*

Written about the beginning of the Eighteenth Century.

THE massy crag which tower'd on high,
And seem'd to touch the azure sky,
Exacting, like a monarch proud,
A dewy tribute from each cloud ;
Is undermined, by swelling frost,
Its fissures wedged, its base is lost :
Detached, it moves in horrid stride,
And tumbles down the mountain side.
Surging o'er rocks, it brooks no stay,
And crashes through the brakes its way,
Till on Neath's margin one great bound
Imbeds it on the trembling ground.
A fragment thus records a tale
Of fallen grandeur in the vale.

The original Englyn, which with the above translation I transcribed
in the CAMBRO BRITON, is as follows :

“ Creigydd a gelltydd gwylltion—a dolydd
Ardaloedd Nêdd dirion,
Rhwygwyd a braenwyd eu bron :
Fwrdd ! unwaith gael fordd union.”

GWILYMIANA.

A Dialogue between the Bard (Davydd ab Gwilym) and a Maid
*From the Welsh, and transcribed from the
 Cambro-Briton.*

- B. Good day to you, my lovely maid !
 M. Welcome, the cuckoo's rhyming blade !
 B. And how d'ye do, my lovely dear ?
 M. Oh ! well and hearty, full of cheer.
 B. Why, true, my love, you seem quite gay.
 M. Ah ! so you flirting beaux will say.
 B. How fair your face of roseate hue !
 M. If fair it be, no thanks to you.
 B. Oh what a beauteous form you have !
 M. 'Tis at my own expence, you knave !
 B. Your eye-brows are so round and fine !
 M. Well, what of that ? they still are mine.
 B. How jetty black your eyes so tender !
 M. And what is that to you, I wonder ?
 B. By Jove your answers are quite pert.
 M. And so they should, 'tis your desert.
 B. Do answer me, my love, an' please ye !
 M. To answer you is not so easy.
 B. Now tell me, maid, don't be so dumb.
 M. What will you have me tell you ? come !
 B. Is there of loving you no gain ?
 M. I tell you nay, you love in vain.
 B. And will you farther grace deny ?
 M. I will ; for more in vain you'll cry.
 B. Tell me at once, nor be so hot,
 Shall I possess my love or not ?
 M. By holy Mary's name I swear,
 You shan't ! and press me, if you dare.
 B. Shall we to Hymen's altar jog ?
 M. Seek not to prove me, hateful dog !

B. Then I will sieze my Olwen maid.

M. And I will shriek for Mary's aid.

B. Come, let us to the parson hie.

M. In vain to coax me, rogue, you try.

B. What then can I hope for? say!

M. A sign on a long summer's day.

B. Ah! placid nymph, I want a wife.

M. And I a husband, by my life.

RHYDYCHENWR.

THE BARD'S DEVOTION.

From the Welsh of Davydd ab Gwilym.

THIS narrative of a conversation between the Bard and a Friar, and several others of the same kind, in this poet's works, furnish a clear idea of the degree of veneration in which he held the Roman priesthood. An ingenious editor of Chaucer has suggested a hint that his sarcasms upon the vices of the clergy might have predisposed the nation to a rejection of their errors; the same observation may be extended to his lively contemporary in Wales. Gwilym's recantation indeed published amongst his poems; but from the style, and other circumstances, I should conclude that the monks made him recant—*even in purgatory.*

EDITOR OF CAMBRIAN REGISTER.

As could I tell the lovely maid,
Whose fair abode's in yonder shade,
The converse I have held to-day
With a staunch friar, clad in grey!

Approaching to the holy man,
My frank confession I began,
As thus:—"Dread sir, to idle rhyme
And amorous sighs I give my time;
In a dark brow and beauteous face
My earthly paradise I place:

Yet neither sighs nor anxious care
 Nor tuneful pathos moves the fair.
 Though doom'd to love her whilst I live,
 To sigh, to languish, and to grieve;
 Though doom'd to waft her fair renown
 O'er Cambria's hills—I lie alone;—
 In broken dreams I seek in vain
 To clasp the soother of my pain."

Next hear the reverend priest begin :—
 " As you'd escape a mortal sin,
 Your past transgressions thus retrieve—
 Attend the good advice I give!
 To love a maid, however fair,
 Hear me! henceforth you must forbear,
 This life is not a solace given,
 'Tis a dark passage up to heaven;
 Then root out pleasures from the flesh,
 And in the soul they'll spring afresh.
 And wouldst thou save thy spotted soul,
 Nor let old Satan gulp thee whole,
 Inure thy hand to pious deeds—
 Go—pay thy tithes and tell thy beads;
 No more indulge such idle ways—
 Forego thy love, and burn thy lays.
 To heaven we trip not with an air,
 Religion's work is more severe.
 Your worldly strains, oh bards! abound
 With jests profane, and empty sound:
 The heedless youth ye lead astray,
 And lure them down the crooked way,
 Till, at the last, ye give at once
 Both body and soul to *Davy Jones*."

When the good priest, in formal fashion,
 Had closed the solemn peroration,

I mused awhile upon his preachment,
 Then to each tittle of impeachment
 I gave for answer—"By your leave,
 Most humbly, doctor, I conceive,
 The master whom we all obey
 Is not so strict as elders say:
 On musty parchment though ye pore,
 Ye cannot thus our senses *bore*.

"To love three things, you needs must know,
 Sure we're not damn'd for doing so!
 The world's resolved, and so am I—
 A maid—sound health—a cloudless sky.
 In all creation's ample round,
 A maid's the fairest flower that's found:
 'Twas love and maids produced us all,
 And gave us what we mothers call:
 Good reason then, we surely find,
 For the sweet love of woman kind.

"From heaven if pleasure must proceed,
 And sadness from—the place you dread;
 Whilst sick and well, whilst old and young,
 Experience pleasure in a song;
 Acknowledge 'tis an equal thing
 For you to preach and me to sing:
 And let me join the tuneful band,
 Whilst you extend the *craving hand*.
 E'en pious David did compose
 In verse—who made the psalter, prove?

"You live not on a single dish;
 Now beef's preferr'd, and now 'tis fish;
 Just so, for all things there's a time,
 For preaching now, anon for rhyme.
 In every banquet, far and near,
 We've songs to please the female ear;

And preaching too, in sacred dome,
To fit us for—a time to come.

“Regaling with his bards, a sage,
Whose name is spared by envious age,
Full well observed—his words I quote,
And hope you’ll find them worth your note—
*‘The cheerful face had many friends,
But woe the sullen churl attends.’*
Some think it best to shave their crown,
I love good cheer as well, I own.

“My noble art’s attain’d by few,
But, doctor, is it so with you ?
Visions and proverbs you impart,
Which every dunce has got by heart :
From hence you’ll gather, if you please,
An ode is not the soul’s disease.

“If e’er the world should heed your tongue
As much as Gwilym’s sprightly song,—
Should Cambria’s damsels love so well
The sober tale that you can tell,—
I’d ape the sanctimonious train,
And tune no more the raptured strain.”

FRIAR.

Perdition sieze thee, with thy song !

BARD.

To friars alone may that belong !

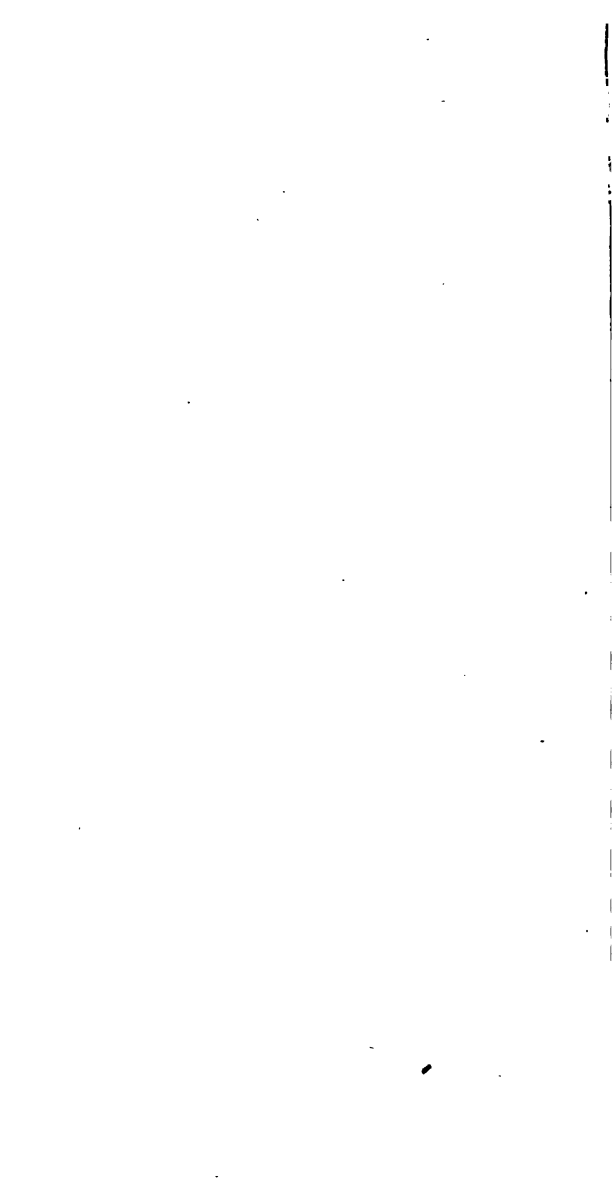
FRIAR.

Begone to thine infernal nest !

BARD.

To thee I leave it—canting priest.

SONGS AND WELSH MELODIES.



THE
CAMBRIAN WREATH;

Poems, Historical, Legendary, and Humorous.

THE HARP OF WALES.

An Ode,

*inscribed to the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, on dedicating
to her an Elegant volume of Welsh Melodies.*

By John F. M. Dovaston, A. M.

Sweet Harp of Wales,

Forgive a Border-minstrel young,
That tunes thy tones all slack and sleeping,
And wakes thy wires to Saxon tongue,
By chords with feeble fingers sweeping.
Though thine old oak is bare and broke,
And sad scathed branches long have crown'd it,
Some few green sprays, in summer days,
All glossy green, wave light around it :
Of these I'll pluck and plank the fair,
And golden missletoe I'll bring thee,
With ivy-bands to bind it there,
Though I to Saxon voice must ring thee ;
And if short while these garlands smile,
Thy'lt better suit the songs I sing thee,
Sweet Harp of Wales !

Dear Harp of Wales!

I owe thee much ;
 For she that bids me now address thee,
 With almost angel touch,
 Has made my raptured bosom bless thee,
 When from the canting crowd escaped,
 My all-delighted heart has leap'd
 To greet with every muse,
 In pleasure's hour,
 At the fairy bower,
 Among the meeting hills of shady Vallecruise.*
 Though all too proud of praise,
 With such to cherish Friendship's flame,
 While such allow my lays
 One ivy leaf to claim,
 Oh then to me,
 Thy minstrelsie
 Is sweeter far than Fame,

Dear Harp of Wales.

Sad Harp of Wales,
 Thy wild and mournful melodies,

* Though an enthusiastic and very frequent visitor of the mountains, woods, rocks, and waters of *Vale Crucis*, which, with the fine ruins of its venerably abbey, terminates the upper recesses of the Llangollen vale, just where the rocky and romantic Dee searches impatiently, its winding way, between the mountains from Glyndwr vale, all overhung with oaks and old birches ; I shall avail myself, the better to give some faint idea of this lovely spot, of a passage abridged from "The Philosophy of Nature."—The Cistercian abbey of *Vale Crucis* rise in a deep romantic vale, encompassed on all sides by towering rocks and mountains, which render it worthy the poet Dyer, the harp of Tallesin, and the touch of Wouvermanns ; a solitude in which, forsaking all the world, you might devote the remainder of your days to contemplation and delight : it appears, as Rousseau would have said, like an asylum which Nature had spared for faithful lovers, escaped from the ruin and desolation of the world. There you might learn to estimate at their true value, the poor Folly, the ignorance of Pride, and the littleness of human grandeur.

Though muffled now in silent slumbers,
 Have gain'd the good, and wot the wise,
 To weep and worship at thy numbers.

By him, the warrior-bard* of yore,
 That wail'd his twenty sons and four:
 And him in watery cradle found,†
 By royal hand with honors crown'd:
 By broken-hearted Hoel's urn,‡
 Closed by cold Mevanwy's scorn:
 By all the bards of sorrowing swells,
 Mournful and many as thy dells,

How oft have they thy dirges swept
 To heaving hearts indignant glowing,
 And eyes like trickling wells that wept
 To feel thy sounds of sorrow flowing,
 Sad Harp of Wales.

High Harp of Wales,
 By firm conflicting Freedom strung,
 How has thy spirit sped her!
 Thy strains to panting patriots flung,
 Have on to conquest led her.
 Great Bards of Cambria! your grand requiems loud
 Hymn'd in the mountain-torrent's roar I hear:
 See monuments in Snowdon's summits proud,
 While setting sun-beams write your stories there.
 Though flown your souls of eagle wing,
 Still neighbouring nations list with wonder,
 Those sounds that call'd a ruthless king
 To cut thy glorious chords asunder,
 High Harp of Wales.

* Llywarch hen. † Taliesin. ‡ The lover of
 evanwy Vechan; see the poem of that title in this work.

Proud Harp of Wales,
 Come lie at the feet
 Of thy princess sweet,
 Of worth beyond thy power to praise her ;
 Protected by
 Her courtesy,
 Who takes thy nation's name to grace her :
 Around her realm thy spirit spread,
 Let Freedom, Love, and Concord swell thee ;
 And to revenge thy hardships that bled—
 Delight the land that could not quell thee,
 Proud Harp of Wales.

THE AWEN'S REVIVAL.

By Henry Davies.

I.

Long ages of gloom have enveloped thy glory,
 And we look through the vista in vain for a spark,
 To illumine and brighten the leaves of thy story ;
 But all that surrounds them is gloomy and dark.
 Each hero, each patriot, has gone unrecorded,
 And lost like a star overcast by a cloud,
 For no one a wreath to the poet awarded,
 That wove immortality up with his shroud.

II.

Since Gryffydd was slain, when his rights he defended,
 The Awen of Cymru has lain in the grave ;
 Though when Glyndwr arose it flash'd high and ascended
 Bright gleaming awhile o'er the land of the brave :

'Twas past in an instant, 'twas gone like a meteor
 That glitters for once, and is never seen more,
 And the flash of the lightning would hardly be fleetier,
 Then all became dreary and dark as before.

III.

But now there appears in the sky, sweetly dawning !
 A sun that is rising full glowing and bright ;
 And bards are rejoicing to see such a morning
 Succeed to a dark and a recordless night ;
 May it shine on thy mountains and valleys forever !
 On the land where the noble and brave are at rest ;—
 And reach its meridian, but never ! oh never !
 Be hid by a cloud, or go down in the west.

SHADES OF THE GREAT.

Stanzas on the formation of the Cambrian Institution.

By S. R. Jackson.

I.

SHADES of the great, the nobly brave,
 Rejoice ! the hour, though long delay'd,
 Hath come, when like the ocean's wave,
 In majesty and might array'd,
 The treasures of your native land
 Shall ride sublime from strand to strand.

II.

Cambria, exult ! behold, her wings,
 Aroused from slumber, Fame hath spread ;
 Loved dwelling of a thousand kings,
 Again she rears her sunken head :
 See the vast roll her hand displays,
 The records of thy past and glorious days.

III.

She waves her wand, the forms arise
 Of mighty men, forgotten long;
 Hark! to her harp's wild symphonies
 Again she wakes thy beauteous song :
 To modern ear and eye she brings
 Tales of thy minstrels, deeds of thy stern kings.

IV.

Before her glance the clouds retire,
 Whose gloom so long hath on thee lain :
 See ! bright upsprings the dormant fire,
 Lighting all thy proud domain :
 Land of heroes, hail the hour
 That tears thy records from oblivion's power.

V.

Genius of Cambria, dry the tear
 Thy thoughtless sons have made thee weep ;
 Again thy head in triumph rear,—
 Awake thee from thine iron sleep :
 Thy long-neglected harp again resume,—
 The voice of ages calls thee from the tomb.

VI.

Oh day of joy, when those whose blood
 In Saxon veins hath run can glow
 To see thy long restrained flood
 Of song and science freely flow,
 Bearing the ark upon its tide
 Whose glorious freight hath storm and time defied.

VII.

Well may ye speed, who at the helm
 Presiding stand, ye who redeem
 The treasures of your ancient realm
 From Lethe's dull and silent stream :

To you belong eternal praise,
 Who from its darkest depths your country's honors
 raise.

THE HARP OF OLD CAMBRIA.

Long the Harp of Old Cymru deserted had lain,
 By an old faded oak on a wild rugged plain ;
 Since the hand of the minstrel so soft made it sound,
 And the smile of good humour so sweetly beam'd round.
 When a wand'rer, whose race from Aneurin had sprung,
 Saw the old ruin'd harp, where in silence it hung,—
 " In my dreams I have seen it, oh transport divine !
 'Tis the Harp of fair Cambria !—'tis mine ! it is mine !

Thy brave men shall kindle, when loud from the string
 The war notes shall rattle, the welkin shall ring ;
 And the patriot's good falchion is drawn from the sheath,
 As he shouts " For my country, for freedom, or death !"
 Nor shall it be silent, when war notes shall cease ;
 Its tones shall be heard in the bright halls of Peace,
 And the smiles of our fairest the minstrel shall move,
 When the spirit of melody melts into love.

DAYS OF OLD, AND DEEDS OF GLORY.

Song. Air.—Ar hyd y nos.*

STRIKE the harp to chiefs in story,
 Ar hyd y nos ;

* This song has been lately published, and dedicated, by special permission, to Her Royal Highness, the duchess of Kent.

They served but to embalm her fame,
 Her halcyon days are come at last !
 Bright the suns that rise to bless her,
 Clear the skies that now caress her ;
 Days of glory, setting never,
 May they live and last forever !
 String the harp, then—minstrels, play !
 This is Cambria's holiday.

BARDS AND MINSTRELS MERRY.

By Henry Davies.

I.

THE harp that now is placed on high,
 We'll waken from its slumbers,
 And votive sons of Harmony
 Shall hail with joy the numbers ;
 Then strike aloud each thrilling wire,
 But let no note be dreary,
 And list, oh list ! to Cymru's lyre,
 Ye bards and minstrels merry.

II.

Whene'er in distant lands we roam,
 And hear its echoes swelling,
 We'll turn our thoughts direct to home,
 Where all we love is dwelling ;
 What like the harp can comfort man,
 Or cheer him when he's weary ?—
 Or make his life, though but a span,
 Pass on both blythe and merry ?

III.

This gracious end long may it serve,
 Dear Cymru's pride revealing !

And while it thrills each hearted nerve,
 'Twill rouse each generous feeling ;
 'Twill sweeten saddest hours of life,
 While o'er the stream we ferry ;
 And change contention, war, and strife,
 To peace and pleasures merry.

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

Air.—Llwyn On, The Ash Grove.

By Mrs. Hemans.

THERE is a popular tradition, that on the summit of Cader Idris, one of the highest mountains in North Wales, there is an excavation in the rock, resembling a couch, where the mighty giant used to repose, and that whoever should pass a night in that seat would be found in the morning either dead, raving mad, or endowed with supernatural genius.

I LAY on the rock where the storms have their dwelling,
 The birth-place of phantoms, the home of the cloud ;
 Around it forever deep music is swelling—

The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.

'TWAS a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
 Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan,
 Of dim shrouded stars, at brief intervals gleaming,
 And I felt, 'midst a world of dread grandeur, alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me,
 Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw !
 Things glorious, unearthly, pass'd floating before me,
 And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.

I view'd the dread beings, around us that hover,
 Though veil'd by the mists of Mortality's breath ;
 I call'd upon darkness the vision to cover,
 For a strife was within me of madness and death !

THE SONG OF THE SONS OF MADOC.*

By S. R. JACKSON.

Think ye because we are led captive, that our spirit is broken?

THE cloud that hangs upon our name,
 Thus dark and heavily,
 But shades a race as free from shame
 As thine, proud lord ! can be.

We never sold the land that gave
 Our father's birth, but kept
 Their faith, and o'er their children's grave
 The valiant's eye hath wept.

Then tell us not of lowly state
 To which our race is driven ;
 What though the tree be desolate,
 It's stately branches riven ?—

Some stems remain,—and they may grow
 To give their land a shade,
 When thou and thine, vain man ! are low,
 And those who smite us, fade.

Not all the bearings on thy shield,
 Like ours, are justly borne,
 The flower thy pride to-day doth wield,
 To-morrow may be shorn.

* It does not clearly appear to what period of the Welsh history the melody has reference ; unless it be to the time of Madoc, the son of the last Llewelyn, who revolted against Edward I, and was taken prisoner in 1295, when he was confined in London, where he remained a life.

The gentle heart slight wrong may bear,
 But goad it not too far.
 Remember what our fathers were !
 And what their children are.

THE DYING BARD.

Air.—Davydd y Garreg Wen.

By Sir Walter Scott.

THE Welsh tradition bears, that a bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

I.

DINAS Emlyn, lament ; for the moment is nigh,
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die ;
 No more by sweet Teivi, Cadwalon shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
 Unhonor'd shall flourish, unhonor'd shall fade ;
 For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
 That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlyn, may march in their pride,
 And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side ;
 But where is the harp shall give life to their name ?
 And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame ?

IV.

And oh Dinas Emlyn ! thy daughters so fair,
 Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair ;

What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwalon shall die ?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi ! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been ;
With Lewarch,* and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
And sage Taliesin, high harping to hold.

VI.

Then adieu, Dinas Emlyn ! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids !
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp ! my last treasure, farewell !

THE MINSTRELSY OF CHIRK CASTLE.

Air.—Erddigan Caer Waun.

By John F. M. Dovaston, A. M.

CHIRK CASTLE stands just on the English side of Offa's Dyke, where it divides the counties of Salop and Denbigh, on an abrupt hill, finely wooded, jutting eastward from the mighty ridge of the Berwyns, over the beautiful and highly romantic vale of Ceiriog. Being a border fortress, it appears anciently to have been a place of much importance in war ; and also a great resort of bards.

IN Cambria's noon of story,
Ere bright she set in glory,
The brave and great, in princely state,
All hail'd Chirk Castle walls ;
With splendid arms returning,
The flaring noon-beams burning,

* Llywarch hên.

'Mid armour's clang the clarions rang,
 And search'd the sounding halls.
 Rich feasts profuse the garnish'd tables crown'd,
 Where the chords of flashing fire loud flourish'd pealing
 flung,
 Gay banners waved the trophied walls around,
 And high with heartfelt roar the grand carousal rung :
 Till the light-finger'd minstrels in silver-toned measure,
 With sharp notes of nimbleness sprinkled the strings ;
 And the neat maidens dancing, all pranksome in pleasure
 Seem'd fairies that frisk'd it on zephyrine wings.
 While the bards on harps, in tears of triumph wet,
 With feats of liberty their deep full closes fill'd,
 That long, though Cambria's sun in glory set,
 Her bold and lofty tale, like mountain gleams, shall
 gild.

OWAIN GLYNDWR'S WAR SONG.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Saw ye the blazing star ?*
 The heavens look down on Freedom's war,
 And light her torch on high !
 Bright on the dragon crest
 It tells that glory's wing shall rest
 When warriors meet to die.

 Let earth's pale tyrants read despair
 And vengeance in its flame,
 Hail ye, my bards ! the omen fair

* The year 1402 was ushered in with a comet, or blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favorable to the cause of Glyndwr.

Of conquest and of fame,
And swell the rushing mountain air,
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
Mark'd ye how each majestic height
Burn'd in its awful beams?
Red shone th' eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
Was full of glorious dreams.

Oh Eagles of the battle, rise,
The hope of *Gwynedd* wakes;
It is your banner in the skies
Through each dark cloud which breaks,
And mantles with triumphant dyes
Your thousand hills and lakes!

THE DEATH OF GLENDOWER.

Air.—Codiad yr Ehedydd. (The rising of the Lark.)

By T. J. Llewelyn Prichard.

OF this air, the most popular in Wales, Mr. Parry says:—"This is the melody which the great Haydn so much admired. More stanzas have been written to this tune, perhaps, than to any other, many of which may be found in Jones's *Relics of the Bards*. The mode of singing them with the harp is peculiar: the minstrel plays two bars, or measures of the air, when the singer takes the subject up, and sings two lines;—the first strain is repeated, and two lines more are sung, and then the whole of the second part, which takes up six lines. The following imitation of Welsh rythm will give the English reader an idea of the style of these stanzas.

THE sun of great Plantagenet*
In storms hath set,
and ruin,

* The lines in the above stanza are purposely broken to shew the English reader the peculiarity of the measure, which is the same in the other stanzas.

**When proud usurping Bolingbroke,*
Sad Britain's yoke**

renewing ;

**Which Cymru's son the brave Glendower,
With frowns of power**

viewing :—

Now from the fealty oath unbound,
And Henry crown'd, all firing,
High hearted Owen claim'd aloud
His soul's avowed desiring,
The Cymry's crown, his right of birth,
And valiant worth aspiring.

III.

Forth rush'd the chief of sky-crown'd lands,
With battling bands of thunder,
Wild as the foaming cat'ract's roar,
That mountains tore asunder :
His bearing was so princely bright
Men mark'd his might with wonder.

IV.

Let not the sons of Saxons plume,
Nor dare presume to boast it,
That Owen fought for high renown,
And Britain's crown, and lost it;
The first he gain'd—his race the last,†
Though Fortune's blast long cross'd it.

V.

He greatly dared, he greatly *did*,
Until fate chid his daring,
Both great in life, and great in death,
Not while he'd breath despairing,
But like an eagle shot in flight,
While main and might uprearing.

- **Richard II.**

† Henry IV.

EINION LONYDD; OR, EINION THE SOOTHER.

From the Welsh.

By RICHARD LLWYD.

And dedicated in the following words;—To Mr. John Parry, the ingenious composer, as a lover of his country and its melodies.

THE beautiful allegory, of which the following lines are a translation, is supposed to be of Druidical origin.—Cwsg was the Somnus of ancient Britain, and Einion Lonydd, one of his many priests or gents, whose province it was to enter every dwelling where there were children, *early* in the evening, leaving his sandals at the entrance; then softly approaching, and at the same time beholding the child with soothing beneficent smile, to have sung as follows, in *Pianissimo*, while at each repetition of the words "one, two, three," (*un, dau, tri*), he gently drew his hand down the infant's forehead, to close. The original British was commonly sung to the air *Ton y Vam-aeth*, the Nurse's Melody, but I have adapted the translation to *Ar yd y nos*, as a strain more generally known.

Look at me my little dear one!

One, two, three;

Let me whisper in thine ear,

One, two, three;

Bid thy playmates all retire,

Sit thee down, and draw thee nigher;

See the bright inviting fire!

One, two, three.

Supper o'er, my heart rejoices, One, &c.

When praise* is sung by infant voices! One, &c.

* The *Mollant i Dduw*, or Thanks be to God, so delightful it is to hear to the lisping of gratitude.

On lap maternal now undressing,
 Brothers, sisters,—all caressing,
 Bend the knee, and beg a blessing,*
 One, two three.

From toil the world itself reposes! One, &c.
 Around him night her curtain closes! One, &c.
 Lo! sleep thy tranquil bed's adorning,
 Playful dreams, and plans are forming!
 Rest till heaven restores the morning,
 One, two, three.

AR HYD Y NOS.

A Welsh Melody.

I.

SWEET the tale of minstrel merry,
 Ar hyd y nos;
 Sweet the rest of herdmen weary,
 Ar hyd y nos:
 And to hearts oppress'd with sorrow,
 Forced the mask of joy to borrow,
 Comfort is there till the morrow,
 Ar hyd y nos.

II.

Yes! I heard the wood-bird mourning,
 Ar hyd y nos,
 And echo fond each note returning,
 Ar hyd y nos;

* In some parts of Wales, it is still customary, even for grown persons of both sexes, to fall on one knee, before each parent, whenever they meet them on their return from any distance, and always for the new married couple, on coming home after the ceremony.

I caught the strain, I chose the hour,
Then hied me to my secret bower,
There to my harp my grief to pour,
Ar hyd y nos.

THE BARD'S LAST LAY.

Air.—Davydd y Garreg Wen.

A TRADITION prevails in Merionethshire, that a bard of this name called for his harp, when dying, and played this beautiful air, requesting that it might be played over his grave by his brethren, on their harps—which was accordingly done.

I.

SWEET solace of my dying hour,
Ere yet my arm forget its power,
Give to my fault'ring hand my shell,
One strain to bid the world farewell.

II.

Life's last faint spark will soon expire,
But ah! when silent, thou my lyre,
When deaf my ear and cold my tongue,
Ages shall tell how David sung.

THE TUDOR REIGN.

A Glee for three Voices.

Air.—Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan.

RECITATIVE.

D'ER Cambria's russet hills and verdant dales,
No more the bard's celestial strain prevails ;

Their harps by discord's jarring hand unstrung,
On blasted oaks despondingly were hung.

MARCH—instrumental. Chorus.

But now a prince* ascends the throne,
Who makes the bardic cause his own :
A thousand harps in concert join,
And Tudor's name salutes the skies.

Hail Tudor, heaven-descended king,
Who wak'st the harp's long silent string,
The bards thy glory shall prolong,
And praise thee in immortal song.

THE DARK ISLE'S MYSTIC POWER.

Glee and Chorus.

Air.—Capt. Morgan's March.

By Mrs. Hemans.

By the dread and viewless powers,
Whom the storms and seas obey ;
From the dark isle's mystic bowers,
Romans, o'er the deep, away !
Think ye 'tis but Nature's gloom
O'er our shad'wy coast that broods ?
By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes !

Know ye Mona's awful spells ?
She the rolling orbs can stay ;
She the mighty grove compels
Back to yield its fetter'd prey ;

* Henry VII. grandson of Owen Tudor.

Fear ye not the lightning stroke ?
 Mark ye not the fiery sky ?
 Hence !—around our central oak
 Gods are gath'ring, Romans fly !

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

Air.—The Welsh ground.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Sons of the Fair Isle !* forget not the time
 Ere spoilers had breathed the fair air of your clime ;
 All that its eagles beheld in their flight
 Was yours, from the deep to each storm-mantled height ;
 Though from your race that proud birth-right be torn,
 Unquench'd is the spirit for monarchy borne.
 Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
 The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Ages may roll ere your children regain
 The land for which heroes have perish'd in vain ;
 Yet in the sound of your names shall be power,
 Around her still gathering, till glory's full hour !
 Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
 Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep.
 Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,
 Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

* Ynys Prydain was the ancient name of Britain, which signifies *the Fair, or Beautiful Isle*.

THE MISSLETOE.

A Druidic Song.

Arranged by E. Jones, accompanied on the Harp and Piano Forte.
Vide Relics of the Bards, vol. II. p. 77.

WHEN infant science first began
 To shed its influence on man,
 And on the Fathers of our Isle
 With look benignant deign'd to smile ;

The seer, whom Nature's open page
 And meditation render'd sage,
 Beneath the oak's wide-spreading shade,
 Instruction to the crowd convey'd.

Th' enlighten'd crowd with grateful raptures glow,
 And crown his head with sacred missletoe ;
 With missletoe the leaves of oak they bind,
 And hail him druid-friend of human kind !

CHORUS.

Hail ! all hail ! to the missletoe hail !

THE DEATH OF LLYWELYN.

Air.—The March of the Men of Harlech..

By John Humphreys Parry.

THIS song is extracted from the Report of the proceedings at the Eisteddfod of the Royal Cambrian Institution, 22nd May, 1823. In a note appended to it, we are told that Llywelyn's death scene was the banks of the Wye, or Edw. We strongly suspect that the sons of Gwynedd know less of South Wales than we do of the North : M

was not on the banks of either of those streams that Llywelyn was slain, but near the river Irvon, at a place thence called Cevn y Bedd, near Cwm Llywelyn, between three and four miles westward of the town of Builth, Breconshire.

EDITOR.

Who is he with eye dark gleaming,
Visage wild, yet noble seeming,
As the fount of life fast streaming,
Rolls its purple tide ?

Lo ! in anguish lying,
Fleet his soul is flying,
Yet still is seen
His warlike mien,

Like some hero dying,
Cymru, 'tis thy prince expiring,
Bravest of thy race retiring,
Fame no more his bosom firing,
Thy last hope and pride.

Near to where yon torrent rushes,
Great Llewelyn's life-drop gushes,
Ebbing fast, though death scarce crushes
His unconquer'd fire :

Still for Cymru beating,
His heart's pulse is fleeting.
Nor Saxon spear
That rankles near,

E'er can quell its greeting,
Foes and foe-like friends despising,
Nought but Cymru's freedom prizing,
Still for her in hope uprising,
His last sighs expire.

THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR CYNDDYLAN.

By S. R. Jackson.

CYNDDYLAN AB CYNDREWYN lived in the sixth Century, and was prince of a part of Powys. He appears to have been slain in the defence of a town within his territory, called Tren. Llywarch Hên, a contemporary bard, has left us a long elegy on his death; there is also one by Meigant, who lived in the following Century. Both are preserved in the Archæology of Wales.

EDITOR OF CAMB. BRIT.

I.

Oh mourn for Cynddylan, ye Cambrians mourn,
His sleep is the slumber that wakes not with morn;
The cold hand of death on his eyelids hath press'd,
And his form's on his barrow reclining in rest.

II.

But his soul, on the winds of the land that he sway'd,
Above the dark hills rides, in terror array'd;
His voice was the thunder that lately hath roar'd,
And yon blue flash of light was the gleam of his sword.

III.

He comes to his people, his praises to hear,
Let the strings of the telyn* be wet with a tear,
That the notes of our woe, as they rise on the wind,
May be soft as the "plaint of the dove for its kind."

IV.

Oh mourn for your hero, oh mourn for your king;
His glance was the glance of the hawk on its wing;

* The Harp.

His speed was the speed of the iwrcht[†] on the plain,
Be the tears of your woe as the drops of the rain.

V.

His arm was the bearer of death to his foes,
Let the sons of the Saxons he gave to repose,
Amid their rejoicings be stricken with dread,
For the blood that shall flow for the shade of the dead.

VI.

On high let the banner be placed in the hall,
As high be the shield that shall gleam on the wall:
And oh! let the sword, ever firm in his hand,
Be given to him who shall now rule his band.

VII.

Mourn, mourn, maids of Cambria, your tresses bedew
With tears,—for the fallen was gen'rous and true,
His heart was the ring-dove's, when warm'd by your
 charms,
But the vulture's, when rushing to battle's alarms.

VIII.

Thou land of the lovely, the noble, the brave,
Whose soul hailed his birth, and now gives him a grave,
Lament! for the arm of thy strength is laid low,
Thy spear now is broken, unstrung is thy bow.

IX.

Then mourn for Cynddylan, ye Cambrians mourn,
The halls of his mansion are dark and forlorn;
The death-shaft has wither'd the might of the strong,
The soul of our battles, the theme of our song.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

Song and Chorus.

Air.—The Melody of North Wales.

By a Lady.

STRIKE, strike the harp ! for now no more alarms
 The tramp of fiery steeds, or the clang of arms ;
 Cambrian bards assembled, throng,
 Wake the lyre of proudest song,
 Pouring far the hills among,
 The strain that mem'ry warms.

Strike, minstrel, strike ! around the sacred oak
 The spirit of your sires, their sons invoke ;
 And see, in native lustre bright,
 Thy lore resume its pristine light,
 That erst, 'mid discord's hapless night,
 Sunk 'neath oppression's yoke !

Strike ! strike again ! thy genius now appears
 O'er Snowdon's lofty brow, her head she rears :
 Again shall music's heavenly note
 O'er hill and valley sweetly float,
 And bards with tales of days remote,
 Wake love and beauty's tears.

THE NORMAN HORSE SHOE.

Air.—The War-song of the Men of Glamorgan.

By Sir Walter Scott.

THIS ballad celebrates a defeat, by the Britons, of Clare, earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, baron of Chepstow, Lord

Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rhymni, (erroneously written Rym-ny,) is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified and rendered memorable by the stupendous ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
 And hammer's din, and anvil sounds,
 And armourers, with iron toil,
 Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
 Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
 Around the courser's thundering heel,
 That e'er shall dint a sable wound
 On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground !

II.

From Chepstowe's towers, ere dawn of morn,
 Was heard afar the bugle-horn ;
 And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
 Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
 They swore their banners broad should gleam,
 In crimson light on Rhymni's stream ;
 They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel
 The Norman charger's spurning heel.

III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
 And Rhymni's wave with crimson glows ;
 For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
 Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide !
 And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green
 Shew'd where hot Neville's charge had been :
 In every sable hoof-tramp stood
 A Norman horse-man's curdling blood !

IV.

Old Chepstowe's brides may curse the toil,
 That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
 Their orphans long the art may rue,
 For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
 No more the stamp of armed steed
 Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
 Nor trace be there, in early spring,
 Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

MEGAN HAS LOST HER GARTER.

Air.—Megan a gollodd ei Gardas.

By John F. M. Dovaston, A. M.

HOWEVER this ancient air may have originated, the words here adapted to it, refer to the institution of the order of the Garter. King Edward I, at a court ball, picked up the garter of the countess of Salisbury, and retorting the sneers of his courtiers with its celebrated motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, Evil be to him that evil thinks, he afterwards made the garter the highest order of knighthood in the kingdom, confined to 33 in number, generally princes and peers. Since its institution it has soothed the vanity of 8 emperors, 21 kings, and a very great number of sovereign princes.

LIGHTSOME and lovely the damsels were dancing,
 With knights, lords, and nobles, in courtly attire,
 Setting, pursuing, receding, advancing,
 In measures that mock'd the sweet lays of the lyre;
 All features in blossom, all floatingly blending,
 Their nimble feet waving on wings of delight;
 Or sinking, or circling, declining, or bending,
 Their motions seemed music address'd to the sight.

Edward led Margaret, modest and sprightly,
 When ah ! from her light limb the garter fell down,
 Smiling, the king caught it gallant and lightly,
 Thus checking his courtiers' sly looks with a frown ;
 " Who hence in brave dignities highest ascendeth,
 The badge of his pride be this bright silken toy ;
 So evil to him be that evil intendeth,
 And joy to the bosom that's open to joy."

THE DEE'S DRUID WATER.

Air.—Cadair Idris.

By Mr. Wiffen.

I.

I cross'd in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water,
 The waves, as I pass'd, rippled lowly and lone ;
 For the brave on their borders had perished in slaughter,
 The noble were vanish'd, the gifted were gone !
 I pass'd by thy pillar,* firm-rooted to waken
 Long mem'ry of chiefs that in battle had sunk :
 But the earthquake of ruin its basis had shaken,
 The voice of the thunder had shatter'd its trunk.

II.

I pass'd by thy castle,† once mirthful and splendid,
 Its court was too truly the emblem of thine ;

* Eliseg Pillar—a British column, considered one of the most ancient existing, erected by Cosenn, to the memory of his grandfather Eliseg, who was killed in a battle fought with the Saxons, near Chester, in 607. The pillar stands in the vale of Crusis, near Langollen.

† Chirk Castle.

I pass'd by thy abbey,*—its worship was ended,
 The ivy hung dark over portal and shrine.
 Yet weep not, fair Cambria, though shorn of thy glory,
 Thy star shall yet rise in ascendance again,
 Song and science are treas'ring the leaves of thy story,
 Nor a page shall appeal to our bosoms in vain.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

Air.—Toriad y Dydd ; or, The Dawn.

By Mrs. Hemans.

A POEM founded on this prophecy† will be found in another part of this work, but this elegant version of it, adapted to a popular melody, and recommended by the name of its fair and highly gifted author, cannot but prove most acceptable to the reader of taste. Vide Parry's Welsh Melodies, Vol. I.

I.

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
 Oh Cambria! thus thy prophet-bard, thy Taliesin sung
 "The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
 The clouds that mantle things unseen away before me roll

II.

"A light, the depths revealing, hath o'er my spirit pass'd
 A rushing sound, from days to be, swells fitful in the blast

* The beautiful ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, founded in 1200, by Madoc ab Griffith Maelor.

† The prophesy is to the following effect:

"Their God they shall worship,
 Their language they shall retain,
 Their land they shall lose,
 Except Wild Wales."

And tells me that forever *shall live the lofty tongue,*
To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's hand
was strung.

III.

"Green island of the mighty ! I see thine ancient race
Forced from their fathers' realm to make the rocks their
dwelling place !
I see from Uthyr's kingdom the sceptre pass away,
And many a line of bards and chiefs and princely men
decay.

IV.

"But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign
forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er the
storms,
So long, their empire sharing, *shall live the lofty tongue,*
To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's hand
was strung !"

LAYS OF ROMANTIC STORY.

*Air.—Y Gadlys, The Camp of the Palace. Better known by
"Of a noble race was Shenkin."*

By the Rev. G. H. Glasse.

O'er the chords with rapture sweeping,
Strike the harp to the race of Shenkin ;
Bid adieu to sighs and weeping,
Pallid care and anxious thinking ;
To the festive powers
Devote your hours,
In song, in mirth, and drinking.

With lays of romantic story
 The halls of our sires resounded;
 At the call of love or glory,
 O'er their native hills they bounded;
 'Mid war's alarms
 They rush'd to arms,
 And their country's foes astounded.

Released from martial duty,
 They return'd to their peaceful pleasures,
 And at the feet of beauty
 They wooed in melting measures;
 To the wandering poor
 Threw wide their door,
 And freely dispersed their treasures.

ABERTEIVY.

From Llewelyn Prichard's Land beneath the Sea.

I PASS'D from Aberteivy, and its broad smooth stream
 Reflected beauteous tints of gallant morning's beam;
 I thought of its meanderings, and deep ravine,
 And winning wilds so picturesque but lately seen:
 A blessing from my lips and inmost heart there fell,
 When I pass'd from Aberteivy, as I said "farewell."

The sons of Aberteivy, they be kind of heart,
 And who can from their maidens without sighs depart?
 Who frowns there on the stranger, or the minstrel's claim?
 The good, the kind, the hospitable, merit fame!
 Yes, the warm and grateful throb did my bosom swell,
 When I pass'd from Aberteivy, and I said "farewell."

My thoughts they ran enraptured on the Teivy's stream,
 The beauties wild and wondrous on its banks that teem!

Its light and ancient coracles, of wind-like sweep,
 Its rapid rush of mightiness o'er plain and steep :
 Its haunt of cunning beavers, far-famed, now no more,
 And I thought of huge Cilgerran in the days of yore.

We praise thee not for masonry—thy claim is scant ;
 We praise thee not for riches—yet thou know'st not want,
 But nobly flows thy gallant stream, and fair's thy seat,
 Purely breathes thy ocean air, thy scenery, oh sweet !
 Thy brave and princely spirit I delight to tell,
 And I bless thee, Aberteivy—fare thee well, farewell.

THE WAR SONG OF BLEDDYN.

By S. R. Jackson.

Sons of chiefs, whose forms repose
 Where the cloud its shadow throws
 Over Snowdon's craggy height,
 Rise, and nerve ye for the fight !
 Hark ! his wing the raven flutters,
 Ominous the sound he utters,
 Sounds of death unto our foes,
 Ere another day shall close.

Sons of chiefs, arise, behold
 Yonder banner's massy fold,
 Ere the morning breeze unfurl it,
 To the dust inglorious hurl it.
 Down upon their columns sweep,
 As the whirlwind on the deep,
 When its all-destroying breath
 Lays the mighty low in death.

By the wrongs that ye have felt,
 Deeply let the blow be dealt,
 That the Saxon host may know
 They have met no common foe :
 Rising morn shall view the raven
 Tear the crest of every craven :
 But the brave shall win their right :
 Sons of chiefs, advance to fight.

WHERE THE LONG GRASS WAVES.

By S. R. Jackson.

WHERE the long grass waves its head
 Are the valiant lying :
 There its dew the cloud doth shed,
 There the breeze is sighing.
 There their noble forms repose,
 Who beheld the struggle close
 Ending all their country's woes,
 Bravely for her dying.

Where the noxious weeds arise,
 There the craven sleepeth :
 Who for him in secret sighs ?
 Who above him weepeth ?
 Like a cloud his name shall pass,
 Like the dew upon the grass,
 Whence his race, or what he was,
 None remembrance keepeth.

SONG OF THE ABSENT CAMBRIANS.

Intended for the Canorion Society.

Air.—The March of the Men of Harlech.

By J. Jones, of Swansea.

I.

THOUGH far from the mountains of Cambria we dwell,
 Her melodies still o'er the heart have a spell—
 And it beats 'gainst the side, like a strange prison'd bird
 That hears the wild notes which in youth it had heard;
 Then the bard strikes the harp—like the harp, which, of
 yore,
 The bard of old Urien so gracefully bore—
 And the dear native Awen is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

II.

In torrid or frigid, wherever they roam,
 No clime can estrange an old Cymro's young home !
 And strong is the bent of the mountain-born flock
 As the eagle on wing for Eryri's old rock—
 And our country shall smile on her children that rove,
 As the pelican bends o'er the offspring of love,
 When the dear native Awen is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

III.

The fair and the good, and the brave of our days,
 Shall blush and shall smile when they hear their own
 praise ;
 And the shades of old heroes shall flit round the board,
 When they hear their war-notes to valour restored—

While the genius of Cymru shall flee with delight,
 From her Idris, to thank the sweet harp-string to-night;
 As her dear native Awen is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

THE HEROES OF CAMBRIA.

*Air...Meillionen, (the Trefoil) or, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's
 Delight.*

By J. H. Parry.

I.

In early times how how bright the fame
 Of Cymru's old and honor'd name,
 When burning with the sacred flame
 That patriot bosoms know,
 Her sons to battle crowding came,
 To snatch a wreath from Saxon shame,
 As glory shot her kindling ray
 Through vict'ry's full meridian day,
 And matchless heroes led the way
 To crush their country's foe!

II.

But though brave Arthur lives no more,
 And famed Llewelyn's reign is o'er
 Yet glows their spirit as of yore,
 In Cymru's noble race;
 Still gallant as their sires before,
 Her sons to Fame's high temple soar,
 Where he* who erst with promptest zeal
 His banner rear'd for Erin's weal,

* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.

And drew on Gallic shore the steel,
Shall fill an honor'd place.

III.

But long the battle fiend hath fled,
And Peace in triumph rear'd the head;
Her gladd'ning beams around to shed,
And wake her halcyon reign:
And warriors, erst by glory fed,
By gentler passions now are led—
They haste to throng the magic ground,
Where music's charms and song abound,
And beauty spreads her smiles around
To cheer the social train.

THE GREEN ISLES OF THE OCEAN.

Air.—All ye Cambrian Youth.

By Mrs. Hemans.

THE Green Isles of the Ocean, or Green spots of the floods, respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales, were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids. Gavran, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth Century, went on a voyage, with his family, to discover these islands, but they were never heard of afterwards.

WHERE are they, those Green Fairy Islands, reposing
In sunlight and beauty on Ocean's calm breast?
What spirit, the things that are hidden disclosing,
Shall point the bright way to their dwelling of rest?
Oh! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,
The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith,

But the land hath been sad for her warriors and sages,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed—is death!

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,
Who steer'd for those distant green spots on the wave
To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
In the fields of their country they found not a grave;
Perchance they repose where the summer-breeze gathers,
From the flowers of each vale, immortality's breath,
But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed—is death.

THE DAUGHTER OF MEGAN.

Air.—Merch Megan.

By John F. M. Dovaston.

THE daughter of Megan, so lovely and blooming,
I met in Glanavon's gay glittering hall;
And high rose my heart, ambition assuming,
To dance with the damsel, the bloom of the ball,
Oh daughter of Megan, look not so alluring
On a youth that his hope with thy hand must resign,
That now the sad pang of despair is enduring,
For the splendour thou lov'st—can never be mine.

Go, daughter of Megan, to circles of splendour,
Each eye that beholds thee thy presence shall bless;
And the delicate mind feel a passion more tender,
On thy beauties to gaze, than another's possess.
But, daughter of Megan, to-morrow I'm going,
On ocean to sail where the rude billows roar,
And I feel my full heart with affliction o'erflowing,
For perhaps I may gaze on thy beauties no more.

THE MARCH OF THE MONKS OF BANGOR.

By Sir Walter Scott.

ETHELFRID, king of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brochmael, a British prince, advancing to relieve it, the monks of the neighbouring monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The air to which these verses are adapted, is called *Ymdaith Miongc*, the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester-rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye :
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine !

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled ;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand ?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere Domine !

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,

Met the northern bow and bill,
 Heard the war-cry wild and shrill :
 Woe to Brochmael's feeble hand,
 Woe to Olfrid's* bloody brand,
 Woe to Saxon cruelty,
 O miserere Domine !

Weltering amid warriors slain,
 Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
 Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
 Bangor's peaceful monks are laid :
 Word of parting rest unspoke,
 Mass unsung, and bread unhroke,
 For their souls for charity,
 Sing O miserere Domine !

Bangor ! o'er the murder wail,
 Long the ruins told the tale;
 Shatter'd towers and broken arch,
 Long recall'd the woeful march : †
 On thy shrine no tapers burn,
 Never shall thy priests return;
 The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
 O miserere Dumine !

* Ethelfrid.

† WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre ;—" tot semirutæ parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba rudèrum quantum vix alibi cernas "

PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL.

Air.—Lady Owen's Delight.

By Mrs. Hemans.

MADOC, the son of Owen Gwynedd, it is stated in the bardic Triads, went to sea with 300 men, in ten ships, to avoid the dissensions of his brothers respecting the throne of Gwynedd, or North Wales. No tidings were ever heard of this expedition; but a multitude of evidence has been collected by Dr. Pughe, E. Williams (the bard of Glamorgan), and others, to prove that Madoc must have reached the American Continent, (300 years before the time of Columbus,) for the descendants of him and his followers exist there as a nation to this day; and the present position of which is on the southern banks of the Missouri river, under the appellation of Padoucas, or white and civilized Indians.

WHY lingers my gaze, where the last hues of day
On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep?
Too fair is the sight for a wanderer whose way
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep;
Fall, shadows of twilight, and veil the green shore,
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more.

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land,
Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne?
Be hush'd, be forgotten! for ne'er shall the hand
Of the minstrel with melody greet my return.
No! no! let your echoes still float on the breeze,
And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas.

Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth
Unto bosoms to shrink when their trial is nigh.
Away! we will bear over ocean and earth
A name and a spirit that never shall die;

My course to the winds, to the stars I resign,
But my soul's quenchless fire, oh! my country, is thine.

THE DEATH OUR FATHERS FOUND.

By S. R. Jackson.

BE ours the death our fathers found,
In the field of glory falling,
When the Saxon spearmen hemm'd them round,
To all but them appalling;

Rather than live a tyrant's slave,
And foreign feelings cherish,
Let us to battle with the brave,
And like our fathers perish.

Base is the heart that tamely bears
A foeman's vile abuse,
Dead is the man to fame, who wears
A steel he dare not use.

Dark years of woe has Cambria seen,
'Tis fit they now were o'er;
The stains that on her shield have been,
We'll cleanse in Saxon gore.

SONS OF THE MIGHTY.

By S. R. Jackson.

WHY should the noble spirit droop
Beneath the cloud of ill?

Why should the sons of freemen stoop
 To do a tyrant's will ?
 Rather let death free us,
 Than our children see us,
 Slaves to him, whose iron hand,
 Desolates our native land.

Sons of the mighty ! rise and tear
 The bloody bonds away ;
 The war-sword of your fathers bare,
 Well known in battle's day.
 'Tis Freedom's voice that calleth,
 He, who nobly falleth,
 With his bosom's blood shall seal
 For evermore his country's weal.

THE WORTHIES OF WALES.

By T. J. Llewelyn Prichard.

ALL hail to the bright ones of ages gone by,
 The wise, and the brave, and the holy, and high !
 The patriot of Cymru eternally hails
 The lights of past eras—the Worthies of Wales.

To Tydain Tâd Awen, the sire of song,
 The lay of renown in its energy strong,
 To Nevidd nav Neivion, the lord of the sea,
 With glorious Hu Gadarn, be harpings of glee !
 All hail to, &c.

Hail Arthur, the father of Chivalry's fights,
 His heroes and bards, and his round-table knights ;
 Not wrong were the legends, or prophecy's strain,
 Which told that king Arthur should yet rise again.
 All hail to, &c.

While Britain exults in the pride of her fame,
 Prince Prydain shall live—for the isle bears his name ;
 Caradoc the mighty, and Catwg the wise,
 With Howel the Good, in our song shall arise.

All hail to, &c.

Oh high will old Cymru unceasingly hold
 The young Taliesin, and Llywarch the old,
 And he, the sweet bard and the warrior of might,
 Who fought at, and sung of Gŏdodin's dread fight.

All hail to, &c.

A lay now to Gwyddno, surnamed Garanhr,
 Fair Cantrev-y-Gwaelod's sad monarch,—severe.
 The rush of the waters that cover'd his land,
 And reft him of subjects, domains, and command.

All hail to, &c.

Hail David the pious, our tutelar saint ;
 Llewelyns and Owens—in battle ne'er faint—
 Each hero renown'd for high bravery's feat,
 From Edwal the Reebuck to Rŏd'rick the Great.

All hail to, &c.

Oh what son of song but with kindness regards
 Great Ivor the gen'rous, the patron of bards !
 And Davydd ab Gwilym, his bright protege,
 Our Ovid, the lord of the amorous lay.

All hail to, &c.

Madoc th' advent'rous, whose laurels are worn
 By gallant Columbus—Americus—torn
 From thy self-exiled head—let it pass—thou shalt live—
 Thy right still we claim, and thy wrongs still we grieve.

All hail to, &c.

Oh struck with wild horror was Cymru, aghast,
 The hour that she lost thee—Llewelyn, the last!
 Such, when reign and right too, he sought to restore,
 The “mighty magician,” dread Owen Glendow’r.

All hail to, &c.

Hail! ladies of Cymru, with loveliness bless’d,
 Senena the faithful, the beautiful Nest,
 Young Tydvil the martyr, who died for her faith,
 And gallant Gwenllian who battled till death.

All hail to, &c.

Dinas Brân, thine own beauty comes in for her share,
 Mevanwy the merry, the witty, and fair!
 Like the sensitive, fond, and sincere,
 And well-known Cordelia, the daughter of Lear!

All hail to, &c.

CARNO HILLS.

By S. R. Jackson.

ON Carno’s hills with nimble feet
 The deer werè wont to bound,
 But Carno’s hills no more repeat
 The baying of the hound;
 The noble youths who chased the deer,
 In battle have been slain;
 And never to the morning’s ear
 Those sounds shall come again.

In Carno’s groves ’tis dark and still;
 The harp the minstrels shun,

Which sweetly rang o'er dale and hill
 In praise of Griffith's son.
 Oh when again shall music sweet
 Ring from the mellow horn;
 Or from yon hills the deer's light feet
 Sweep the cold dews of morn.

THE CHAUNT OF THE BARDS,

On the evening preceding their reported massacre, in the reign
 of Edward I.

Air.—The Song of David the Prophet.

By Mrs. Hemans.

THIS melody, (which is very ancient) is published in the third volume of the *Archæology of Wales*, in the notation used by the bards in the eleventh Century. W. O. Pughe, D. C. L. has given an excellent Welsh translation of the above beautiful lines. Vide Parry's *Welsh Melodies*, vol. I.

RAISE ye sword! let the death-stroke be given,
 Oh swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven!
 So shall our spirits be free as our strains,
 The children of song may not languish in chains.

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest?
 Are heroes reposing in death on her breast?
 Red with their blood do her mountain streams flow,
 And think ye that still we would linger below?

MINOR.

Rest, ye brave dead, 'midst the hills of your sires!
 Oh who would not slumber when Freedom expires?
 Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain,—
 The children of song may not breathe in the chain.

THE SWEET FLOWING MUSE.

Air.—Glân Meddwdod Mwyn.

By John Parry.

THIS song was originally written for, and sung with great applause at the Grand Cambrian Jubilee, which was celebrated in London, March 1, 1814, being the centenary meeting of the most honourable society of the Ancient Britons. It has since become very popular, and has been loudly applauded at several of the Eisteddvods, or Cambrian Literary and Musical Meetings.

O LET the kind minstrel attune his soft lay,
And welcome with rapture this thrice happy day!
Let nought but sweet harmony strike on the ear,
Where Cymru* united, delighted appear!

Contented or wretched, imprison'd or free,
Still Cambria to Cambrians most *anwyl*† must be,
Mewn awen fwyn lawen byw byth y bo Hi.‡

Though far from her mountains and valleys we roam,
Still she is our mother, still she is our home!
Oh! never may discord, ambition, nor pride,
The *undeb*§ of Cymru unwisely divide!

Nor let us, whatever our fortune may be,
Dear Cambria, be ever unmindful of thee,
Mewn awen fwyn lawen byw byth y bo Hi.

the cause which unites us on this happy day,
both genius, and science, and learning display;
the smile of our nobles, renown'd as of old,
[*en Gymru's*|| true glory and weal shall uphold.

* Welshmen.

† Dear.

‡ For aye

by she live in the sweet flowing muse.

§ The union

long Welshmen.

|| Old Cambria.

Exalted by talents of every degree,
 In honor resplendent, far-famed may she be,
Mewn awen fwyd lawen byw byth y bô Hi.

The Shamrock of Erin, so brilliant and green,
 Entwined with the Leek and the Thistle has been;
 And may they forever a safe-guard compose,
 To shelter from danger Old England's fair Rose!
 Oh grant that Great Britain forever may be
 The terror of tyrants, the friend of the free,
*Mewn llwyddiant a llawnder byw byth byddo Hi!**

OF NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN.

A Burlesque Poem.

By John Dryden.

THIS very popular melody, the continual theme of eulogy among natives and foreigners, has here been burlesqued, at the expense of our nationality, in the following humorous song. Mr. John Parry remarks, when this song is performed without an accompaniment, the singer imitates the symphony, and fills the measure by a burlesque "thrum, thrum, thrum, &c. e. g."

Of Noble race was Skenkin,
 Thrum, thrum, thrum,
 Of the line of Owen Tudor,
 Thrum, &c.
 But her renown was fled and gone,
 Thrum, &c.
 But her renown was fled and gone,
 Since cruel love pursued hur.

* May she ever enjoy prosperity and Plenty.

Fair Winny's eyes bright shining,
 And lily breasts alluring,
 With fatal dart smote Shenkin's heart,
 And wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow
 At foot-ball or at cricket ;
 At prison-base and hunting chase,
 Cotsplut how hur would nick it !

But now, all joys defying,
 All pale and wan her cheeks too ;
 Hur heart so aches hur quite forsakes
 Hur herrings and hur leeks too.

No more must dear metheglin
 Be topped at dear Montgomery ;
 And if love sore smart one week more,
 Adieu cream-cheese and flum'ry !

THE SAXON MAID WITH YELLOW HAIR.

By S. R. Jackson.

His golden harp let Urien bring,
 The harp his sires were wont to bear,
 And Hubert's daughter's praises sing,
 The Saxon maid with yellow hair.

Caerleon's pride, the blue-eyed maid,
 The gem of Dyvi's wood-girt shore ;
 Oh may her beauty never fade,
 Nor youthful hearts cease to adore !

Stately her step, as on the hill
 The deer's, when it in freedom roves :

When she is near, no heart is still,
No eye is cold where Ellen moves.

Sweeter than morning's air her breath,
Sweeter than evening's mead her lip,
'Twere bliss t' inhale it e'en in death,
'Twere extacy such balm to sip.

His golden harp let Urien bring,
The harp his sires were wont to bear,
And Hubert's lovely daughter sing,
The Saxon maid with yellow hair.

THE MAN WHO WILL SLANDER.

Air.—Hela'r Ysgyfarnog. (Hunting the Hare.)

By John Parry, Esq.

THIS air is universally known and admired in England, but few only are aware that it is Welsh. We live in an age, however, when the scattered chaplet of Cambria shall be re-gathered, every stolen gem reclaimed, and wreathed into a native garland for her long-reft brows.

THE man who will slander or injure another,
Deserves not the name of a neighbour or friend;
But he who revileth an innocent brother,
If I had my will to old Charon I'd send !
Such fellows, I'm certain, can never be easy,
Their conscience will smite them at morn, noon, or
night ;
For conscience, they tell us, forever will tease ye,
Unless you act justly, and do what is right.

How different the feelings of those who will cherish
The virtuous in trouble, and worth in distress !
Their names will be writ where they never can perish,
And infants be taught their fond mem'ry to bless.

Not so with detractors, they ne'er can be easy,
 Their conscience will smite them at morn, noon, and
 night ;

For conscience, they tell us, forever will teaze ye,
 Unless you act justly, and do what is right.

Though toss'd for a season on life's troubled ocean,
 And doom'd to encounter malevolence' sting,
 Oh ne'er for a moment forget the devotion

You owe to your country, your laws, and your king.
 The wretch who'd betray them could never be easy,
 His conscience would smite him at morn, noon, and
 night ;

For conscience, they tell us, forever will teaze ye,
 Unless you act justly, and do what is right.

NATURE'S HIGH SOVEREIGNTY.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Air.—Of Noble Race was Shenkin.

CRAMER, the celebrated composer, and incomparable piano-forte player, speaking of this melody, says, "This air is a fine specimen of the Welsh national music; originality and boldness of character are united in the melody."

FROM the glowing southern regions,
 Where the sun-god makes his dwelling,
 Came the Romans' crested legions
 O'er the deep, round Britain swelling ;
 The wave grew dazzling as He pass'd,
 With light from spear and helmet cast,
 And sounds in every rushing blast
 Of a conquerer's march were telling !

But his eagle's royal pinion,
 Bowing earth beneath his glory,
 Could not shadow with dominion
 Our wild seas and mountains hoary :
 Back from their cloudy realm it flies,
 To float in light through softer skies ;
 Oh chainless winds of heaven, arise !
 Bear a vanquish'd world the story !

THE EXILE OF CAMBRIA.

By a Lady.

SEE, the night is approaching, the light fades away,
 And faint and more faint beams the bright orb of day ;
 The winds are all hush'd, and the ocean serene,
 And calm as the lakes of thy valleys is seen.
 Oh ! this is the hour to fond sympathy dear,
 When flows to remembrance regret's saddest tear,
 When the forms we adore flit in shadows around,
 And we feel but how closely their spells they have wound.

Yes, this is the hour, when heart-broken, alone,
 The exile looks back on the days that are flown ;
 And fancy views those he may never more see,
 And thinks, ah ! how fondly, dear Cambria, of thee.
 'Tis in vain that for him sweetest flow'rets entwine,
 'Tis in vain blooms for him the soft landscape divine,
 Their beauties, though brilliant, may nothing avail,
 He sighs the more deep for his own native vale.

ELLEN DEAR.

A Welsh Serenade.

Air. — Mentra Gwen.

By J. Jones, Esq.

SERENADING used to be very prevalent in Wales formerly. There is still a curious custom on May-day morning, when the young men deck a bough of rosemary with white ribbons &c. &c. and place it at the chamber window of the fair ones whom they admire. But a different present is left at the doors of those with whom they are not on friendly terms—a *penglog*, i. e. a horse's head;—which is procured from a tan-yard, and made fast to the latch, to the no small annoyance, and even disgrace, of the nymphs, who are anxiously looking out for the "Garland of Love."

VIDE PARRY'S WELSH MELODIES, VOL. II. p. 39.

THE summer's rosy dawn—Ellen dear,
Doth sweetly gild the lawn—Ellen dear;
The lark's first song enhances
Aurora's gentle glances,
As brightly Sol advances—Ellen dear,

'Tis nature's bloom of youth—Ellen dear,
Her guileless look of truth—Ellen dear;
Young Zephyr now discloses
His light wings on sweet roses,
Where all night he reposes—Ellen dear.

Then bid the slumber fly—Ellen dear,
That seals thy bright blue eye—Ellen dear;
To see the sun shine early,
Come, rove yon mountain cheerly,
With him that loves thee dearly—Ellen dear.

ADIEU TO THE COTTAGE.

WRITTEN on leaving a Cottage in Wales, dedicated to the Countess of Dunraven, and sung by Master Parry at various Eisteddvods.

Adieu to the village, adieu to the cot ;
And shall I then never revisit the spot
Which clings to remembrance with fondest delay,
Through the dreams of the night, and the cares of the day.

Yes, yes, I will hope that again I shall hear
The voices of friends to remembrance so dear,
And still do I hope that again I shall see
The smiles that once gave a sweet welcome to me.

And yet how I fear to revisit the spot,
To steal through the village, to gaze at the cot !
For the pleasure and rapture that swell in my heart
Cannot equal the anguish I feel when we part.

THE LAST WELSH MINSTREL.

By S. R. Jackson.

The dreadful strife of death was o'er,
The cloud of war had roll'd away,
When, faint and welt'ring in his gore,
The best of Cambria's minstrels lay :
With cold and falt'ring hand he swept
His ancient harp's wild strings along,
And as his dark eye o'er it wept,
Pour'd forth his parting soul in song.

FAREWELL, farewell, my father's pride,
Thou harp which I no more shall wake ;
The lips grow cold that o'er thee've sigh'd,
My hand must soon thy strings forsake.

My heart to feel thee soon must cease,
 My ear to catch thy martial strain,
 Thy tender notes of love or peace
 Will never soothe my soul again.

The gladd'ner of my youth wert thou,
 The solace of my riper years,
 But o'er thy strings, my loved harp, now,
 My blood runs mingling with my tears.

Last of my race, alone I die,
 With me shall cease the sacred band
 That woke our mountain minstrelsy,
 And laid in dust the spoiler's hand.

Dear harp farewell, yet, ere I go,
 One lofty note my hand shall wake,
 The strain of war again shall flow,
 The loved, the last, for Freedom's sake.

For Freedom's sake!—alas, the sound
 In Cambria soon will cease to be,
 No more her realm is hallow'd ground,
 The sacred dwelling of the free.

Our gay grey plains, our mountains high,
 The Norman charger tramples proud,
 Instead of Cambria's battle cry,
 The stranger's triumph rings aloud.

Farewell, life fades, my feeble hand
 In death's cold trembling quits the strings;
 Farewell! thou pride of Freedom's bands,
 Thou loved one of a thousand kings.

THE LOVER'S SIMILES.

Air.—Llwyn On, or the Ash Grove.

By John F. M. Dovaston.

THRO' the tints of the rainbow the tree that we're viewing,
Soft colour'd and lovely at distance appears;
But on to the grove the delusion pursuing,
We find the wet foliage all dripping with tears;
So the soft beams of hope, to the heart of the lover,
Illumine with rapture some lingering day;
But time, gliding on, leads him there to discover
His joys, like the rainbow, all faded away.

From the gloom of the shower, to the past valley running,
It smiles yet behind in the beams of the sun;
The lover alike, disappointed and mourning,
Remembers in sorrow the joys that are gone:
But transient alike are the ray and the shower,
The shower that shall freshen the fields to the ray;
And adversity's clouds o'er the lover that lower,
Shall brighten his joy when they're faded away.

THE END.

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